

★ July 39

25c

The American Mercury



IMPREGNABLE AMERICA

The ABC of Our Military Position

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

Philadelphia: City of Brotherly Loot	Alan Frazier
Hitler Must Fight!	Henry C. Wolfe
Mrs. Dilling, Lady of <i>The Red Network</i>	Milton S. Mayer
Fingerprints Can Be Forged	Jack Callahan
Our Tribe of Ribbon Hunters	Isaac F. Marcossan
Stalin's American Passport Mill	Herbert Solow
<i>Materia Aphrodisia</i>	Allen Wright
The Man Who Started the World War	Vladimir Lebedeff
Little Family. <i>A Story</i>	Nancy Hale
Justice of the Peace Racket	Mitchell Dawson
Lobbyists Must Live	J. Frederick Essary
James Joyce: Genius or Charlatan?	Paul Rosenfeld
The Triumph of the Gadget	Albert Jay Nock
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Grandma Ruthanna, Troublemaker	Isabel Jackson

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
187

July, 1939

Impregnable America.....	Hanson W. Baldwin	257
Our Tribe of Ribbon Hunters.....	Isaac F. Marcossan	268
Philadelphia: City of Brotherly Loot.....	Alan Frazier	275
Hitler Must Fight!.....	Henry C. Wolfe	283
Paul Revere, Esq.....	Stewart H. Holbrook	290
Mrs. Dilling: Lady of <i>The Red Network</i>	Milton S. Mayer	293
The Wages of Cinema.....	Wolfe Kaufman	300
Stalin's American Passport Mill.....	Herbert Solow	302
The Justice of the Peace Racket.....	Mitchell Dawson	310
Little Family. <i>A Story</i>	Nancy Hale	314
The Man Who Started the War.....	Vladimir Lebedeff	319
Lobbyists Must Live.....	J. Frederick Essary	325
Fingerprints Can Be Forged.....	Jack Callahan	330
Capsule Wisdom.....		334
Grandma Ruthanna, Troublemaker.....	Isabel Jackson	335
The Road to Gloro.....	Walter Modell	341
So You Want to Live in Sweden?.....	Fairfax Downey	344
<i>Materia Aphrodisia</i>	Allen Wright	347
AMERICANA.....		353
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
The Triumph of the Gadget.....	Albert Jay Nock	356
DOWN TO EARTH:		
A Butterfly Is Born.....	Alan Devoe	361
POETRY:		
I. Deserted Farmhouse.....	Mildred Cousens	365
II. Professorial Mood.....	Evelyn Scott	366
THE LIBRARY:		
James Joyce: Genius or Charlatan?.....	Paul Rosenfeld	367
THE CHECK LIST.....		iv, 371
OPEN FORUM.....		375
CONTRIBUTORS.....		383
RECORDED MUSIC.....		x

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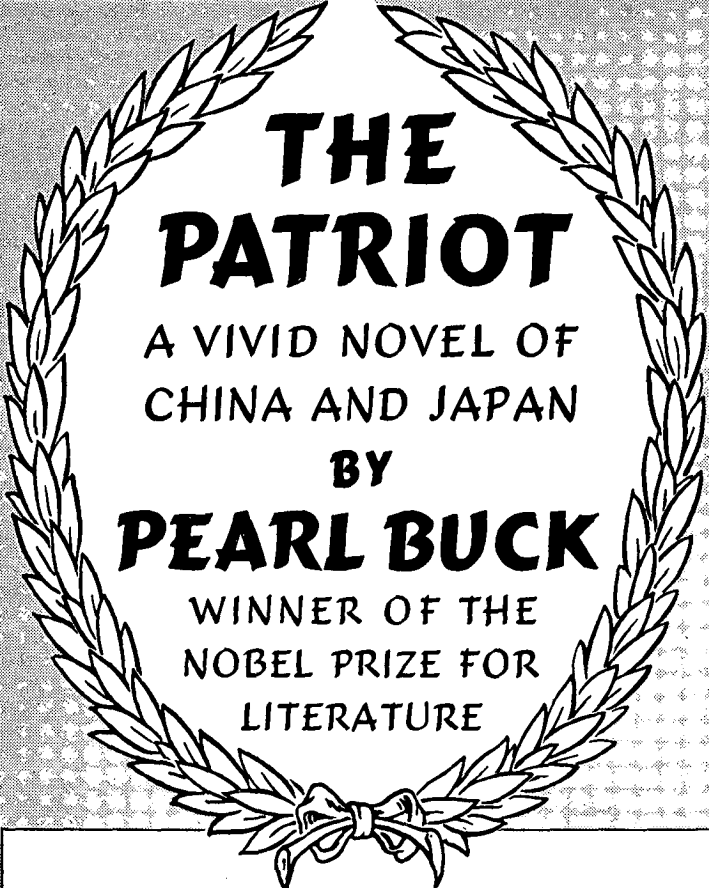
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The American MERCURY

IMPREGNABLE AMERICA

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

IN THE mounting volume of war talk an important hypothesis is frequently advanced. Suppose that we as a nation decided to remain strictly at home, refusing utterly to be drawn into a war, could we do so, in a military sense? This is a hypothesis well worth exploring in detail. A definite answer to the question, if conveyed effectively to the American people, might well influence our national thinking on the war issue; at least it might remove the deepening flush of hysteria from the discussion.

I believe that continental United States, even without the extraordinary defense measures adopted by Congress, is well-nigh impregnable. So are its outlying possessions, except the Philippines, Wake, and Guam. Such impregnability

can be brought to a point of completeness with relatively small additional effort. By military impregnability I mean defense facilities strong enough to resist successfully major attacks for an indefinite period. Though this is a physical condition, it also implies a state of mind — the self-confidence of strength. To the aggressor, impregnability must mean enormous risk; it must be obvious that the cards are stacked against him.

The ultimate strength of a nation in war depends upon the Pittsburghs, Detroit, and New Yorks of the earth, and upon those broad-reaching fields where peasants turn the furrows into food. In this stuff of life, and in the materials needed to make the wheels of industry turn, we are more self-sufficient

than any other single nation. Our national wealth — from \$350,000,000,000 to \$500,000,000,000 — is about one-third to one-half the world's wealth. Our power output is enough to do about half of the world's work; we produce more than 60 per cent of the world's petroleum; our iron and steel production is double to triple that of any other nation.

Our farmers grow more than enough of every essential food; of the so-called "luxury foods" we are deficient in only three important items: coffee, sugar, bananas. Our sugar needs can be supplied by our own beet-sugar industry and the Puerto Rican, Cuban, and Hawaiian cane fields, while bananas come from the Central American and Caribbean plantations, and our coffee principally from Brazil. The deep-sea arteries that supply us with these commodities generally hug our own coastlines or pass through the Caribbean. For two of these luxury items, moreover, potential substitutes are available within our own continental limits in the form of artificial coffees (chicory, cereal substitutes) and sweetenings. Continental United States, in short, cannot be starved by any enemy; we have the resources for both guns and butter.

Of the long list of strategic raw

materials essential to the conduct of war, only four — manganese, quinine, rubber, and tin — pose real problems. They are primarily problems in the development of substitutes, the reclamation of scrap and used materials, rationing and restriction, the discovery and stimulation of new sources — all definitely capable of solution. To stock piles that are, in some instances, already large, Congress has proposed to add new supplies under the terms of the Thomas-Faddis Act, and the Executive branch is, at the writing, conducting a gigantic barter deal, whereby we acquire rubber, tin, and other needed commodities. Clearly then, America can soon be self-sufficient in the stuff of war. Our national fortress can neither be starved into surrender, nor forced to capitulate for lack of supplies. We are equipped to withstand a siege, and that is the first element essential to impregnability.

Can the walls of our citadel be breached by direct assault? The unique geographical position of the USA makes impregnability possible. We are, in effect, a great continental island, separated by the seas from potential enemies. On the north, Canada's destiny is inextricably linked to our own; on the south, Mexico is weak, indolent, and divided. Nowhere in the west-

ern world is there a nation able or inclined to threaten us. Assault must come from across the seas, whether launched directly against our coasts — against Alaska, Panama, or our island possessions — or indirectly against Canada, Central, or South American nations, then from these as bases against us.

Enemy armies must be transported by sea to the western hemisphere, and today (and for the foreseeable future) planes must be similarly transported; the air armies of Europe and Asia are not yet able to bridge the Atlantic and Pacific under their own power. Isolated planes can do it, but not mass bombing formations. There are planes that can cruise 6000 or 7000 miles without refueling, but they carry special gas tanks and no bomb loads. We are far ahead of the world in the range of our bombers, yet our army's "flying fortresses" have an effective radius of action of considerably less than 400 miles with full bomb loads. Unless they are to be merely flying gas tanks, the effective radius of mass bombing squadrons is 500 miles at most — 1000 at the outside, if we project that figure forward for some years. If war comes it is reasonable to suppose that New York and other coastal cities may be bombed from the air by individual planes or

groups of planes. But the only bombing that matters in war is mass bombing, repeated and continuous. Raids of this nature against us are impossible unless an enemy can operate from bases within 500 to 1000 miles of our boundaries.

The prevention of such bases — aerial or otherwise — is a function of our Navy. The seas are our ramparts, and upon them we must stand guard. Thomas Jefferson clearly foresaw this in 1781 and his lucid analysis of our naval problem, still valid, can be applied with equal validity to our air problem. Wrote Jefferson:

... to assail (us) a small part only of their (European) naval force will ever be risked across the Atlantic. . . . They can attack us by detachment only; and it will suffice to make ourselves equal to what they may detach. Even a smaller force than they may detach will be rendered equal or superior by the quickness with which any check may be repaired with us while losses with them will be irreparable till too late. . . .

II

True, our fleet has responsibilities in two oceans, but *it is large enough to handle simultaneously a combination of enemies*, being about as large as Britain's scattered fleet, considerably superior to Japan's, three times as large as Italy's, four times

stronger than Germany's, only slightly inferior to the combined navies of all three totalitarian nations, and far stronger in naval aviation than any navy in the world. Using battleships built, building, or projected in 1939-40 as the yardstick of naval power, we obtain this picture: *In the Atlantic*: USA, 23, against combined German-Italian, 19. *In the Pacific*: USA, 23, against Japan, 14. *Total*: USA, 23 battleships; total naval tonnage 1,748,000; totalitarian nations, 33 battleships, total naval tonnage, 2,329,000.

This picture must be qualified. Many of the German ships, for instance, are built for Baltic service; many Italian for the Mediterranean; many Japanese for the Far East. We may deduct, therefore, a large number of vessels with insufficient cruising radii for western hemisphere offense, and also 2 obsolete German battleships, so old they are used only for training purposes, and 3 German pocket-battleships, which are not the peers of the capital ships. Were Germany and Italy to ignore the dictates of common sense and strip their own coasts of protection, they could muster between them a force unlikely to total more than 11 battleships and 2 aircraft carriers, with an accompanying fleet of smaller types. Japan, by tremendous effort, might

muster for overseas service a fleet organized around 8-12 battleships.

Against either of these we should be able to place, in our own strategic waters, with our naval bases nearby and the full resources of the greatest industrial nation on earth back of our men-of-war, a fleet built around a core of 18 to 20 battleships, 5 to 7 aircraft carriers, and an overwhelming preponderance of ship-based and shore-based aircraft, as well as destroyers and submarines. The naval odds against the aggressors in any such hypothetical case ought to be something like 2 or 3 to 1!

But no sane enemy would attempt any major operations against continental United States without bases in the western hemisphere. Here again everything favors an impregnable American defense, despite the calamity-howlers of press and Administration. No non-hemisphere power, save Great Britain, has a real naval or air base in the western world. No non-hemisphere power could seize such a base so long as our fleet remained afloat, with adequate base facilities at its disposal. What, then, are those bases?

In Hawaii we have a \$700,000,000 Gibraltar, a naval *point d'appui* from which our fleet can range over a tremendous area as American as

if every wave crest were red, white, and blue. From the American Aleutians and Alaska to Hawaii and southwards to Howland and Baker Islands, and from the International Date Line to the Pacific Coast and Panama, our fleet has naval and air predominance. That superiority will be increased when construction work authorized at this session of Congress has been finished. New air and, in some cases, submarine bases are to be established at Midway, Wake, Johnston, and Palmyra Islands in mid- and western Pacific, and at Kodiak and Sitka in Alaska. We have also paid increasing attention to Central American and South Pacific bases; in war it is almost certain that the Gulf of Fonseca and the Galapagos Islands would be utilized by our ships and planes. With well-developed, well-defended, and scattered "service stations" for our surface and flying fleets, we can thus be certain that no enemy will meet our forces on anything like equal terms in the Eastern Pacific.

In the Atlantic, we have in Puerto Rico another potential Hawaii, though not so far-flung an outpost. Puerto Rico's present garrison consists of less than 1000 Regulars and a small National Guard unit, but an air base in San Juan harbor capable of accommo-

dating 72 to 100 carrier-based planes and 24 to 48 naval patrol planes has been authorized. A dry-dock is also projected, and the army plans an air base, necessary fortification, and reinforcement of the garrison. With Puerto Rico as the key point, other possessions in the West Indies will be utilized: Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; Haiti; the Culebra area; the Virgin Islands area — all backed up by large army and navy air bases in Florida. This development will not only provide added safeguards for the Caribbean area, but extends our effective radius of operations well to the east, south-east (to near the Canary Islands), and southward to the "bump" of Brazil. All these are points where alarmists see the bogeys of German-Italian invasion.

Thus on the whole our bases are sufficiently well located to fend off attack by sea or air. And our fleet is strong enough to defeat in its own waters any conceivable combination of enemies. But where the naval picture is not comforting is in its shore organization. To maintain our present relative naval strength — the largest factor in our "impregnability" — ship-building processes must be speeded up, armor- and gun-making capacity and navy yards expanded. We need, too, more permanency of naval

personnel aboard ships and ashore, and selection of those in high command without politics.

The needs of our air force are more pressing than those of the navy. The minimum goal of the naval flying service is 3000 planes, but the service now has only about 2200, many obsolescent. Congress has just authorized the expansion of the army's Air Corps to 6000 planes. The army now has about the same number of planes as the navy (2100), but only half are combat types. We need no huge aerial armadas; our geography is still our salvation. I believe that the plan to equip this country with 9000 planes and operate 6000 of these is out of proportion to actual needs.

The types to be purchased under this program are primarily short-range ships, effective only if we engage in overseas war. They will not strengthen our defenses or build up an impregnable aerial fleet suited to western hemisphere needs as effectively as would long-range types, capable of extensive overwater flying. *Though by virtue of our geographical situation we are least in need of such protection, we plan to maintain a flying fleet larger than any other aerial armada anywhere on earth.*

We do, however, require better aerial protection than we now have.

Four to five thousand active operating planes (a large number long-range bombers), with well-trained crews, 1000 spares, would seem to me to be sufficient, provided the army and navy learn to effect the proper co-ordination of their separate flying branches. We must achieve and maintain a qualitative lead in the air by increasing the productive capacity of our aviation factories and building up an air reserve of pilots and mechanics.

III

Our ground forces represent the third line of impregnable defense. Their job is fourfold: 1) To guard the coasts, navy's bases, and the navy's interior line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific (the Panama Canal). 2) To meet instantly and adequately any army that might be landed on one of our coasts while the bulk of our fleet was engaged elsewhere. 3) To maintain units trained and equipped as an instantaneous mobile expeditionary force for duty at outlying points. 4) To be prepared in time of peace for rapid extension in war time (in terms of skeleton frameworks of new organizations, reserve officers, industrial mobilization plans, essential equipment, and so on). Much re-

mains to be done to make the army a match for this job.

Let us look first at our insular bases. The army garrison at Hawaii consists of about 23,000 men; the naval base at Pearl Harbor is defended by a couple of batteries of 16-inch guns and numerous batteries of huge mortars, coast artillery of various types, motorized artillery, and "sky" guns. The permanent naval plane and submarine forces are supplemented by about 175 army planes. Ammunition chambers and control stations are hewn deep out of solid rock. There are reserve food supplies, and experiments have been started with quick-growing foods designed to feed the civilian population in an emergency. Guns, men, planes, mines, ships make Hawaii impregnable. I believe it could hold out against any force Japan might send against it for months.

Yet there are weaknesses. Some of the anti-aircraft equipment is old and there is not enough of it; there could well be another battery of long-range guns, another 1000 to 2000 men for the garrison.

The keystone of our Pacific defense system, Hawaii, is well secured, but the needs of our inter-ocean highway, Panama, are more pressing. Legislation before Con-

gress at this writing, however, appears comprehensive enough to remedy most of Panama's military weaknesses. Funds were provided for increasing the garrison by 6400 men and 180 officers to a total of about 21,000, enough to man all batteries with regular and relief shifts. New strategic roads are to be built; powerhouses, spillways, dams, and locks, bomb-proofed insofar as practical; coast and anti-aircraft defenses strengthened; badly-constructed and inadequate army air fields rebuilt. Most important will be the projected new set of locks, with lock chambers adequate for the largest of the world's war and merchant vessels.

Even without these improvements, however, the Canal presents one of the toughest military problems to any enemy. It is fashionable, I know, to stress the Canal's weaknesses; even high-ranking officers have been bitten by the bug of alarmism. We hear of German-owned air fields in Colombia and a German-operated air line only a few hundred miles from the Canal. But these commercial German planes are inferior; vulnerable targets are few and hard to hit. The real danger is sabotage — the sinking of a commercial ship by a time bomb in one of the locks. The new set of locks, closed to

commercial traffic in times of stress, will be protection against this.

Alarmism also tends to overemphasize the role of the Canal in our defense. The Canal, eliminating the 14,000 mile trip around the Horn, is an extremely valuable interior line of communication. But it is *not* absolutely vital to an impregnable defense. The blocking of the Canal would not necessarily spell defeat. We existed — a happy, prosperous and rather secure nation — for a century before it was built. The Oregon steamed round the Horn in seventy-nine days in '98; a modern fleet, accompanied by high-speed tankers, should halve that time. Our fleet, concentrated in one ocean in accordance with verse one, chapter one of the strategists' bible, could round the Horn to the other in time to prevent ^{the} serious development of an attack. This is not to deny that the Canal offers a tremendous advantage in case of war on both our flanks. It is really an economy to strengthen its defenses, since without it we should need to increase our fleet and permanently reinforce the Atlantic Squadron, now made up chiefly of old training ships.

To these two key points, Hawaii and Panama, a third will be added when Puerto Rico is developed at a cost of \$30,000,000 or more. No

great number of troops need be stationed here, no elaborate defenses planned, since its proximity to the United States lends it strength. Alaska, with a new army air base near Fairbanks, and the navy bases at Kodiak and Sitka, will require additional garrison and equipment, particularly planes.

IV

So much for the army's defenses of our outlying bastions. What of the protection of continental naval bases and the defense of our coast? Here the General Headquarters Air Force of the Army, a long-range, strategical striking group, is in reality the lengthened arm of the Coast Artillery. This force should have about 1000 to 1200 combat planes, most of them long-range bombers; today it has perhaps one-third that number. Behind the bombers lie the frowning guns of the Coast Artillery. But only the defense of important waterways and key-points is dependent upon fixed fortifications. Railway guns and motorized artillery are the main dependence of the Coast Artillery for defense of those isolated beach-heads where a landing by an enemy force might be possible. Like other branches of the army it requires more men, and

it particularly needs modernization of some forts, installation of new fire-control equipment, additional batteries. These needs are gradually being met by a continuing, planned program.

One of our greatest weaknesses is the utter inadequacy of our anti-aircraft forces. The chief usefulness of these is not, at the present time, in active defense against large-scale air raids, which as we have seen are impossible today. Rather, a well-trained and well-equipped anti-aircraft force would serve as a tonic to the morale of a public frightened by the thought of hovering wings of death. Such a force would serve a real purpose in repelling those isolated, small raids against coastal points which are likely to accompany modern war. Today, the 62nd Coast Artillery at New York, with eight 3-inch guns and some anti-aircraft machine guns is the only Regular Army anti-aircraft regiment in the Northeastern states. There is another battery at Fort Monroe, Virginia. But throughout the entire nation we have considerably less than 100 mobile guns in both Regular Army and National Guard outfits. New guns and other equipment have already been ordered and will take care of our material needs when they are filled. But it

will be at best a difficult and slow business to recruit, organize, and train the thirty-four regiments needed to man the new armament.

Back of all these lines of defense we must have, for maximum impregnability, a force of troops of all arms, infantry, mechanized cavalry, horsed cavalry, field artillery, engineers, etc., sufficient to beat off any attack that might, by chance, breach our outer walls. This does not require a mass army.

The world's tonnage facilities are such that no power or powers could possibly transport to our shores more than 300,000 men in a month. An initial expeditionary force of about 50,000 would be the maximum practical number that could be brought against us if size of convoy, numbers of ships and planes needed for protection, and the like are considered. We should have, therefore, no great problem to face. Our protective land force should be of such strength and training as to be able to meet instantly an enemy attacking force of 50,000.

We have in the continental limits of the United States today some 135,000 Regulars (officers and men), some 200,000 National Guardsmen, and some 105,000 in the Organized Reserves, besides various civilian components. It

may surprise many who believe we are a completely non-militaristic nation to learn that the total of all Regular, Reserve, and semi-trained forces in this country, exclusive of the CCC, but including the CMTC, ROTC, Naval Reserve, Coast Guard, and suitable World War veterans, is perhaps 1,400,000 officers and men.

Since the nature of modern war is such that the defensive can afford with impunity to be numerically inferior to the offensive, it would seem that our army faces no great problem. But actually the organization, equipment, and training of an army ready to face invasion represents one of the most difficult problems yet to be solved. Legislation has been passed to equip this new field force adequately, but no effective measures have yet been initiated to transform our small professional army into a highly-efficient, mobile, "M-Day" organization, something like the old German Reichswehr, the 100,000 best troops in the world. Our troops are scattered in small detachments and isolated "political posts"; thousands are in administrative duties or engaged in training civilian components, river and harbor work, non-military duties. Our National Guard, far from being ready to become a part

on "M-Day" of our "Initial Protective Force" is but half-equipped and far below strength. We have not, in fact, an army, but an aggregation of below-strength, scattered units, which could no more fight on "M-Day" than a disassembled car could enter the Indianapolis auto race.

What is needed is the mobilization, at least during a large part of each year, of Regular Army units at some large training center, where divisional, and even corps, training may be conducted. Concentrate the 1st. Division on the east coast; the 2nd. on the Mexican Border; the 3d. on the west coast; bring their major units up to war strength and keep them there; devote less attention to creating the framework of a large mass army, which is designed primarily for use in an overseas war, and more to the training of a small, but highly-skilled, professional army. Not only will the inner walls of our citadel thus be strengthened, but we will have created that small, mobile expeditionary force which must always be ready for dispatch to any point within the western hemisphere.

Upon the army also rests the responsibility of industrial mobilization, an immense and complex job, but fundamental. For the

American nation in arms, its boundless energies wisely directed, is the ultimate barrier to any and all aggression. That job is rapidly taking satisfactory shape under the vigorous drive of the War Department. It is the final rampart, but one which need never be manned, if we are wise. *If we maintain our outer ramparts, America is indeed impregnable.*

No military tidal wave could prevail against our continental and hemispherical impregnability. But I have purposely omitted from the defense picture the sombre shadows of the Philippines, Wake, and Guam. The future of the Philippines is still in the realm of political speculation. They *can* be made impregnable, if we are willing to pay the price, which would be far greater than anything now contemplated. As to Wake and Guam, they are obviously way-stations of history. Lying within the area of Japanese predominance, they present a defense problem well-nigh insuperable. No large-scale devel-

opment of either place seems warranted. If we are to attempt to extend our impregnable bastions in a far-flung exposed salient 4700 miles southwest of Hawaii, clearly the main base belongs in the Philippines, not in Guam or Wake.

But before we weaken an impregnable line, destroying that geographical isolation which is our greatest strategical asset, let us count the cost. To defend the continental United States and its vital outposts is sufficiently expensive; more than \$2,000,000,000 has been (or will be) authorized for this purpose by this session of Congress. If we go far beyond our borders into distant seas, we face an end, in treasure, human life and national destiny, which no man living can foresee. By frittering away our great strength in foreign theatres, we may well destroy that impregnability which today means certain security for the American castle. If we are determined to remain at home — a political question outside the scope of this article — we can do so.



► *Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.*

— Robert Browning

OUR TRIBE OF RIBBON HUNTERS

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A FIRE on a pretentious estate on Long Island drove the owner and his wife into the open, clad only in their nightclothes. When the flames had been put out the local fire chief pointed to a little strip of red ribbon on the elaborate monogram of his host's pyjama coat. "Say, you haven't joined the reds, have you?" he asked. "Oh, no," the owner replied. "This ribbon shows that I am a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor!" He had had the little red ribbon sewed on every article of his wardrobe!

This man's solemn pride in his ribbon typifies a widespread American vanity — snobbishness is a better word — expressed in the passion for foreign decorations. Every so often the bestowal of a foreign bauble on a prominent American crashes the newsreels or the newspaper columns. These are no more than samples. Thousands of humble Americans have labored for colored ribbons, curtain sashes across their stuffed shirts, medals, and crosses — and have been duly rewarded. Their success has made

these foreign distinctions less and less distinctive. Italy, Rumania, and Poland have been lavish in making awards. Usually the smaller the country, the larger its generosity in this respect — except in the case of France, where ribbons are a mass-production industry.

Many Americans stalk decorations as hunters stalk big game. The only hazard in the sport is to the huntsman's self-respect and pocketbook. Save for active war, or some other outstanding public or philanthropic service, most French ribbon bestowal is on a financial or political, rather than merit basis. Once upon a time the French Legion of Honor even achieved a genuine commercial rating. A group of underpaid functionaries in the Ministry of the Interior looked around for some easy money. Most of the preliminaries to the Legion of Honor pass through this bureau, and out of long experience these officials knew to what lengths many people will go to get a decoration. So they started a unique racket. They set a price of 25,000

francs for the coveted cordon. For a year business at their ribbon counter boomed, until one American protested publicly and vehemently that he had paid the market price and had been held up for more. The result of his howl was that the decoration-selling racket was forced into the open and the French went back to the old ribbon routine with pull, politics, or propaganda as the chief provocations for myriad "honors." In the final analysis, though, there is small difference between the methods of the bureaucratic racketeers and the financing and backscratching still in vogue.

The amazing part of the red-ribbon business — which comprises the bulk of the decoration trade so far as Americans are concerned — is that men and women who have pulled wires to get a ribbon take the bestowal with the utmost seriousness. They hypnotize themselves with the idea that they really have been "honored." Their fellow-Americans, unfamiliar with the ribbon-ropes, accept this assumption. Having been taught to believe that honors usually seek the man, they fail to understand that with most foreign decorations, especially the French, the man engages in a marathon after the medal.

Once a man gets the little red

ribbon he is sunk. Life is never the same. One well-known New Yorker, who was connected with a great daily newspaper, collected ribbons as other men collect stamps or etchings. He seemed to think that the more ribbons he assembled, the more important he became in his own and other people's estimation. One of the tasks of the foreign correspondents of his paper was to mobilize medals for him. The walls of his study were lined with framed certificates of award. The World War and its aftermath provided the supreme opportunity for such ribbon-hunters. Aides to ranking generals fared the best. I never saw one who didn't have a chest ablaze with ribbons.

In War time the Croix de Guerre was handed out in such lavish, and sometimes such indiscriminate, fashion that more than one cynic who watched the performance said, "The Croix de Guerre is served with the rations." Which reminds me, in passing, that I was about the only civilian who went to Russia during the War and escaped without the Cross of St. George. A badge of honor and high service during Czarist days, it later became a plaything. At the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd I saw baskets of the decorations handed out up and down the line of hospital beds.

During the War I had occasion to spend several days at an American camp near Blois. I noticed that the officer detailed to show me around had three ribbons on his tunic. Two of them intrigued me. One was blue and white; the other red and white. They looked like the British army's Egyptian and South African service ribbons, so I said, "You are very young to have served in the British campaigns of more than thirty years ago." He answered, "These are not British ribbons. They are the ribbons of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, and the Order of the Cincinnati." A week later I saw General Pershing. Merely as a joke I told him about the young officer with the patriotic-society ribbons on his tunic. He said nothing, but looked rather grim. Within twenty-four hours an order was issued prohibiting the wearing of any but actual service ribbons.

Ribbon hunting in the World War drew no color lines. There is the somewhat familiar but always priceless story of the Negro in a combat regiment who was awarded the Croix de Guerre. A few days later he got his first leave and went to see a brother who was in a labor battalion at Brest. Proudly displaying his medal, he said to him,

"You quit dis labor job and go to de front and fight. Den you'd git the Cross de Gur and get kissed on both cheeks by a French ginerall." "No, buddy," was the reply from the homesick brother. "De only Cross I want is de Cross de Ocean."

II

France is the happy hunting ground for the American ribbon seeker, for the simple reason that the Legion of Honor is the easiest of all foreign orders to obtain. Few Americans realize that the French lapel-ribbon industry is a highly organized governmental concern, both for home and alien consumption. More than one facetious foreigner has suggested that a Cabinet post be set up to deal with decorations — in mercantile phraseology, a Ribbon Department.

Long before Moscow loosed its communist enlightenment, France had her own red propaganda in the little crimson ribbon. It has been, and remains, one of the republic's most potent promoters of amity and good-will. In ordinary circumstances a decoration is awarded for services rendered, but the Legion of Honor is frequently given in the hope of future performance.

For some years after the War the Press Section of the French For-

sign Office maintained luxurious quarters in a famous Paris hotel. It was frankly a propaganda bureau, and likewise an observation post for Legion of Honor prospects. The bureau was in charge of a competent French journalist who knew his United States, spoke English fluently, and understood the Yankee weakness for ribbons. He capitalized the latter frailty to good advantage, reaping reams of favorable publicity for France. The bureau worked overtime during the period when the French debt attitude provoked much hostility in the United States. Some of the most violent Francophobes became ardent Francophiles by means of "a rush of blood to the lapel."

French officialdom makes no bones about the national sales-value of the Legion of Honor. One of the best known American writers on international subjects was lunching with a highly-placed Frenchman. The American had been an outspoken critic of the French debt policy. Moreover, he had a keen sense of humor about the ribbon business. When he remarked jestingly that he was a rarity in that he had no red ribbon in his lapel, his host said, "There is no reason why you should not have it. Write a nice piece about France, bring it to me, and I will see you are deco-

rated." Often it is as crude as that.

The Paris correspondents of American newspapers, with few exceptions, all have the Legion of Honor. I know of only one man who stood out against being decorated in the fourteen years of his service in the French capital. Many who have accepted it maintain that it was "forced" upon them, that it was a discourtesy to refuse, that it was useful for the customs, and helped to gain entrée to certain governmental circles. Whatever the alibi the fact remains that they have a decoration which puts them at least psychologically under obligation to the government. The Paris correspondents have had one justification for falling for the bauble. Nearly all editors and publishers back home want to be decorated, and it is up to the chief Paris representatives to deliver the goods. Having thus become involved in the ribbon business, they cannot escape one for themselves.

Journalists comprise only a fraction of the American ribbon-seeking fraternity in France. Every man representing an American bank or commercial enterprise is equally desirous of the red ribbon. With them, in most cases, it is frankly a matter of business. It makes their approach to French

buyers and officials easy, since every Frenchman has a profound respect for a ribbon. Most bare-faced and mercenary among the ribbon-chasers in France, however, are the professional American expatriates, who pay for the honor and pay aplenty. If well-heeled, they have two general lines of approach to the "honor." One is the usual financial route, although it is carefully camouflaged. They may pour millions of francs into French charities (money, by the way, which could be well used for philanthropies at home) or engage in ostentatious and highly-publicized activity in French welfare movements. (I do not wish to imply, of course, that all the charitable work done by Americans in France is induced by hope of ribbon reward.) The second avenue of approach is via the ribbon-procurer. The intermediary may be connected with a French ministry, or the impoverished member of an old French family, usually a woman. Ordinarily she has more social prestige than cash, is not averse to accepting the lavish hospitality of the American snob, and on occasion has her price for wangling a ribbon.

The net result of all this ribbon-chasing — since the close of the War the Legion of Honor awards

have averaged 5000 annually — has been an inflationary overproduction. The consequences are indicated in a paragraph that I saw not long ago in *L'Atlantique*, the ship-board daily on all French liners. It reads:

Legion of Honor decorations are reaching such a huge figure that the award is losing its distinction. The government has decided to apply a rigid quota system in future to reduce substantially the number . . .

A few months ago the price of the certificate which indicates the award was increased 50 per cent. A Chevalier (the lowest order) is now required to pay 150 francs instead of 100 francs as heretofore. The man who gets the Grand Cross, the highest rank, pays 1000 francs. The government seldom presents the actual medal or insignia. The recipient's friends contribute and buy the insignia, or he pays for it himself.

III

The French themselves are no slouches at ribbon-hunting. Unlike their American prototypes, however, they shy at putting up the cash. That the French should be so eager after ribbons is not surprising; in their country there is a ribbon tradition. Just as every pri-

vate in the army believes that he has that traditional Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack, so does the man in civil or official life dream of the day when he has a lapel adornment. It dates from the day when Napoleon instituted the Legion of Honor. Napoleon, however, would turn over in his magnificent crypt if he knew about the prostitution of the order.

Aside from award for actual war service, the Legion of Honor in France has become little more than a political favor. It is a vote-getter, freely obtained by Senators and Deputies for their constituents. This is one reason why Madame Curie and her husband persistently refused to be decorated.

A striking commentary on red-ribbon distribution in France developed when "Papa" Anatole Deibler, who functioned for three decades as official guillotiner, sought to retire from the business. "Papa" felt that he had something in the way of honors coming to him after all those years. Failing to receive a tribute, he got the deputy from his home commune in Paris to make an official protest. The government, however, stuck to the theory that the old man had seen red for so many years on his job that he did not need the ribbon.

In England the American rib-

bon-hunter does not have a look-in. Normally his only chance is to give up his citizenship; I know of only one instance of this kind. High-placed American generals, admirals, and one diplomat were decorated by England after the World War. All the bestowals carried knighthood, but the holders were unable to use the title. General Pershing, for example, has the Grand Cross of the Order of Bath, but no one has ever referred to him as "Sir John."

Although "Britons will never be slaves," as the line runs, they are all born in thrall to decorations. Even as in France, there is a ribbon tradition. Also, as in France, there is prize wangling and financial manipulation. Up to the World War there was a definite price for peerages. So many brewers became barons that peerage and beerage became almost synonymous. There was a time when a peerage was worth \$250,000 or even more. This was not an out-and-out over-the-counter transaction, as in France, but it did represent a contribution to a party campaign chest or some outstanding benefaction. The British counterpart of the Legion of Honor, so far as wide distribution is concerned, is the Order of the British Empire instituted in 1915 for both men and women. It was

handed out so lavishly during the War that many Britishers referred to the OBE as the "Order of the Boiled Egg."

This was bad enough, but a sad incident put the stamp of ridicule on it further. In the hectic War days when everybody was getting ribbons, each governmental department in London periodically made up a typewritten list of the personnel to be decorated. On one of these occasions the name of a scrubwoman at the War Office inadvertently got on the honors list for an OBE. It followed that this humble creature had the surprise of her life when she received the usual notification which begins: "His Majesty the King is graciously pleased to bestow . . ." Moreover, she got the medal.

Ribbon hunting in Europe by Europeans is a tradition. It was a passion in imperial Germany and Austria, taken over by Republican and Nazi successors. Decorations

were far more plentiful than baths in Czarist upper circles, and they are even more popular in Soviet Russia. The more important Orders of the Red Flag, of Lenin, and so on, entitle the owner, among other things, to get on crowded street cars at the front end, a privilege otherwise reserved for pregnant women. A large proportion of the men whom Stalin recently killed off sported the highest decorations. In the smaller European countries — the Balkan and Baltic lands, for instance — ribbons and crosses are about all the government can afford to pay for service.

With those people it is natural. Indulged in by Americans, it becomes a form of tuft-hunting — meaningless, silly, a bit indecent. The high jinks at annual lodge conventions is closer to our own tradition, and, for all the humor poked at it, not half so funny as ribbon-hunting.



Philadelphia: CITY OF BROTHERLY LOOT

BY ALAN FRAZIER

PHILADELPHIA is broke. The third largest city in the United States is caught behind the eight-ball. Even the politicians and their handy-men, draped by the thousands over the public payroll, experience payless paydays — in the town which for sixty years provided the fanciest pickings in America. The City Treasury is empty; what hasn't been stolen is in hock. To meet payrolls the Council toys with the idea of selling the municipal gas works. It has even been proposed that the city sell Independence Hall, birth-place of the nation.

Philadelphia stands, in 1939, with a funded debt of more than \$500,000,000, plus a current deficit of \$33,000,000 — a debt equal to nearly 25 per cent of all taxable real estate. The city's equipment is in a deep state of disrepair. More than a third of its homes have gone under the sheriff's hammer in six years. The town has served as a headquarters for vice and numbers

racketeers. . . . All of which painful phenomena can be comprehended only by realizing that politics blankets everything in the City of Brotherly Love.

City Hall is but the political parade ground. The real political machine is geared in with industry, finance, labor, the schools, and — particularly — the courts. Indeed, the secret of the longevity of the Philadelphia GOP machine lies largely in the fact that it was organized by and for the "best people" as well as the politicians. Many of those best people are stockholders and directors in corporations which profit from a complacent Council and the influence which the Philadelphia Republican machine can exert upon a State Legislature, uninterruptedly Republican for forty years, and now, after four years of a "change," rapidly returning to normal.

Today, to be sure, the profits are so slim that some of the "grantees" are in open revolt. They are be-

lately worried over the exodus of numerous industrial plants, an exodus that got little attention until Republicans and Democrats began blaming one another for the resulting loss of business, employment, and taxes. Some of the best people are also financing protest marches upon City Hall and even chipping into the campaign fund for a new City Charter. But these are a minority. Without enduring tie-ups in the counting houses and the better boards of directors, the GOP machine would be in desperate straits. Its political hold may be weakened. Its economic power is largely unimpaired.

What keeps this portion of the picture in the background is the gaudy show which focuses public attention on non-essentials. Master showman is Mayor S. Davis Wilson, one of the most agile politicians since Huey Long, candidate for more offices under more party labels than any politician in the city's history. Elected City Controller on the Town Meeting ticket, Mayor as a machine Republican, candidate for U. S. Senator as a Democrat, he is famous for the plenitude of his promises — which, of course, remain largely unfulfilled. No less spectacular is his penchant for hurling charges at anybody and everybody — rarely,

however, striking pay dirt as he did when he revealed that Contractor Matthew H. McCloskey, Democratic boss, had loaned Governor Earle \$26,500.

Closely linked with Wilson has been a two-year grand jury probe of numbers and vice racketeering. The jury twice returned indictments against the Mayor (one set of which has been quashed by the courts), and against prominent police officials. Highlighting the scandal have been two demands for the Mayor's impeachment, an attempt to declare his office vacant because of his illness, and the choking off of the grand jury probe by "lack of funds" at Harrisburg. The Democratic regime figured in the probe through the Ruth Legislative Committee, sent to investigate Philadelphia courts and crime. To complicate the picture further, the Mayor in April 1937 appointed a Crime Investigation Commission of his own, composed of leading clergymen. Subsequently the Mayor charged the Ruth Commission with tapping his telephone wires and accused the city GOP leadership of trying to frame him. The latter charge was borne out when the grand jury declared that its own existence was due to the Republican leaders' anxiety to get something on the Mayor. The

grand jury also observed that "public indifference" was its "greatest obstacle."

Thus the public show proceeds, while the larger lootings remain behind the scenes. It is polite to keep public attention on the petty crimes, on the "numbers," on the tin-horn racketeers. The bigger crimes are ignored or forgotten, even though monuments to many of them are strewn all over town. No fictional fantasy could present a more amazing array of curiosities than Philadelphia's tombstones of plunder. They are not in the guide books, but they are worth a tour of inspection.

Probably the place to begin would be at a manhole near Tenth and Arch streets, in the center of town. Under the manhole is a subway station which has never seen a train. It is part of a tube which runs half a mile under Arch street, but was abandoned before tracks were ever laid. Most Philadelphians do not know this subway is in existence, although they pay thousands annually in interest on the "investment." From the lost subway it is a pleasant walk to the Art Museum, an enormous stone pile contracted for at a cost of \$3,500,000. When Boss Vare and other contractors had finished with

it the bill had been run up to \$25,000,000, and ever since the City Fathers have had difficulty finding money enough to keep the museum open. Then we pass on to the city's biggest single white elephant — the municipal stadium, relic of that historic flop, the Sesquicentennial. A companion relic is \$6,500,000 of debt. The stadium, used scarcely a dozen times in a dozen years, crumbles and cracks upon its foundations, which were laid, with admirable judgment, in a South Philadelphia swamp.

One look at the stadium and you are glad to hurry to the next stop, another "lost subway." This is really two subways. In 1918 the City Fathers built a tube under Locust Street for three blocks, spent \$1,000,000, and then forgot the whole thing. In 1931 a new set of City Fathers decided to build a subway, also in Locust Street. When they dug they discovered the old one. It was "too small" so more millions had to be spent tearing it out. Now Locust Street subway No. 2 also has been abandoned. It is there today, a \$5,000,000 hole in the ground, without trains and without tracks, leading from nowhere to nowhere. Nothing runs in or out of it nowadays except rats.

But these lost subways do not

compare with the "lost tunnel" under the Schuylkill River. This tube is a short one, but an "engineering masterpiece." To construct it required borings far beneath the river bed, and the Council was not disposed to let a matter of \$6,000,000 stand in the way. The tube was built, and not until it was completed did anyone discover that subway trains could not make the grade on its inclines and that another \$15,000,000 would have to be spent on more tube to taper the grade. By that time, alas, the millions were running low, so today the great hole under the river is blocked up at both ends.

For lack of time we pass up side trips to the huge marble administration building of the Board of Education, on which \$3,000,000 was spent at a time when 2000 school children were in part-time classes because there were not enough schools; to the fine "front yard" of the "new" Pennsylvania Railroad station, built by the taxpayers with more borrowed sums; to Byberry Hospital for the Insane, a public scandal for years; to the famous "bandbox area," where houses collapse regularly, sometimes when people are in them, and sometimes, more happily, when the people are not at home. . . .

II

Despite the squandering and corruption, the \$500,000,000 debt and the \$33,000,000 deficit, and though the town is in hock and taxpayers are clamoring openly for a receivership, Philadelphia's bonds still ride the market merrily from 108 to 116. If this paradox suggests that the Fathers have discovered the secret of the Hindu rope trick, the conclusion is not out of line. Here one comes close to the heart of the system — the integration of politics, business, and money. It is no accident that the present boss of the GOP machine is Sun-Oil baron Joseph N. Pew. Neither is it accident that his first lieutenant and titular machine leader is Jay Cooke, handyman for prominent banking interests. The ramifications of the party thread deeply into the banks, insurance companies, factories, stores, and even labor unions on the economic side, as they do into the wards, precincts, political clubs, and bookie joints on the political side. For years there has been a tacit understanding that each side would not interfere with the other's quest for gravy.

Philadelphia's bonds, held largely by local banks, are maintained in lofty levitation by laws which

make it impossible for the City to deprive a bondholder of a single penny so long as there is a home left to tax. Yet under other legislation, Philadelphia's taxes, unlike the taxes of nearly every other municipality in the nation, are *not* a first lien upon real estate. Mortgages come ahead of them. Thus the banks, which hold both the mortgages and the city bonds, cannot lose on those investments (their losses have been in more romantic ventures). They can squeeze the small holder of real estate equities from two directions: taxes to the right of him, mortgages to the left of him.

The effect of this legal nutcracker on the city and its taxpayers may be estimated from the fact that 46¢ out of every dollar collected in taxes goes for debt service. This assures the banks of their "take." At the same time, the city must borrow from those bankers against the \$21,000,000 tax delinquency, much of which is on property those bankers control. Thus they collect again.

Survival of this Philadelphia politico-business machine is due largely to a set-up which has made it almost impossible for public protest to have substantial effect. Philadelphia is a dual political entity. It is, within identical limits,

a city and county, with two layers of government which duplicate and conflict in countless respects — a situation so wasteful and vicious that even the politicians pretend to desire reform. Suppose the opposition should capture the Mayoralty, as it has several times in recent years. People then realize that the Mayor is helpless. Control of the city payrolls is firmly in the grasp of a City Council elected by wards, under a system of disproportional representation which works so well that even in the FDR landslide the Democrats could capture only one seat in the Council. But suppose — it may happen this fall — that the opposition should capture the City Council. It would then find itself powerless to do anything about the county government, which spent \$51,000,000 in 1938 (the city payroll was only \$38,000,000) and in which most of the really lush patronage is concentrated. Going a step further — and assuming opposition control of the three-man "non-partisan" Board of County Commissioners — one then finds most of the fat county offices beyond reach of democratic process, even though their cost is loaded on the city budget.

Most notorious haven of these county drones is the court payroll,

packed with ward-healers serving as tipstaves, clerks, messengers, janitors, and so on. Two judges of the Municipal Court, in 1937, estimated that \$500,000 could be slashed from the budget of that court alone without impairing judicial efficiency. Countless other bureaus and jobs in the county government are known as "constitutional offices" because they were set up under Pennsylvania's constitution which, in turn, was drafted by the very political barons who were to benefit by its creation of indestructible patronage. So to enact any really broad reforms or cut anything like the \$10,000,000 estimated waste out of the budget, opposition to the Philadelphia machine today would have to obtain simultaneous control of the Mayoralty, the City Council, the County Commission, the State Legislature, and the courts.

No clear understanding of Philadelphia's political degeneration is possible without a knowledge of the role which the courts play in that process. Hiding behind the sanctity of the bench, they have been the backbone of political and social reaction; they have twisted the law and, in some cases, flagrantly broken it to serve the *plunderbund*.

On the lower levels one finds

a magistrate who openly discriminated against Democrats. On the higher levels one finds a Common Pleas Judge sitting in the 1938 elections court the day after he delivered a radio appeal for a Republican victory. On still higher levels there is the spectacle of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court making campaign speeches. Governor James himself refused to resign his \$18,000 job on the Superior Court bench while he campaigned for the governorship, a flouting of judicial ethics which the American Bar Association investigated. These are mere samples of courts neck-deep in greasy politics.

Of all judicial participation in Philadelphia politics, however, the most pernicious is exercised in the direct administration of at least a third of Philadelphia's public activities, with payrolls in excess of \$40,000,000 a year. These are the Board of Education, Park Commission, Board of City Trusts (holding \$100,000,000 of public trust funds), the Board of Prison Inspectors (which controls the prisons and a \$700,000 budget), and other lesser agencies.

Originally these boards and bureaus were put under the wing of the courts on the theory that the sanctity of the bench would keep them out of politics. Instead, this

rule by judiciary has bred some of the most irresponsible government in America today. For Exhibit A take the Board of City Trusts, which, a few months ago, filed the first accounting of its funds in one hundred and six years. This accounting — of \$100,000,000 held in trust for the public (largely the estate of Stephen Girard) — was made under compulsion, after a state investigation, a ten-year court fight to audit the Board's books, and an exposé which revealed that two of Philadelphia's first citizens, members of the Board, had, through their posts of trust, turned profits into their private law and insurance businesses. Board members took the attitude that what was being done with its money was none of the public's business, and never did the judges who appointed the members rebuke them, let alone fire them for breach of trust.

Exhibit B is a long list of prison scandals climaxed in 1938 by the death of four convicts at Holmesburg prison. One prison official has been convicted of involuntary manslaughter, yet not a single member of the Board of Prison Inspectors, which is officially responsible, has been removed by the courts which appointed them.

Commonplaces of Philadelphia's judicial corruption are, of course,

the cases in which judges, after imposing sentence, "reconsidered" later; and cases where they granted probations in violation of the law, granted paroles, and interfered in jury selections.

All these officials remain beyond the punitive power of the ballot. They are immune to removal for anything short of actual crime. And all of them remain integral cogs in the Republican machine, from the politicians masquerading in judicial robes on down to the fourth assistant attendant in the county prison, whose real job is pushing doorbells on Election Day.

III

Does this picture make Philadelphia seem like a political hell-hole? It should, because that's what it is. The city has virtues and attributes and institutions which could make it a great community. But is there hope of a change?

A little progress has been made. At least Philadelphia today has two-party government, something it lacked in the long years when the Vares maintained the Democratic organization as a servile subsidiary of the GOP. In 1933 the Democrats smashed the old bipartisan Bund and have since captured

several major city offices. They stand a fair chance of winning the City Council in November, too. On the other hand, the record of the Democrats during their four years at Harrisburg is not sweet smelling, and it is a question how much a shift in power will mean. Neither camp is packed with saints.

Much is expected from the current movement to give Philadelphia a new charter, with proportional representation and a city manager. That change would accomplish much. At this writing, however, the politicians have turned thumbs down. GOP leaders Cooke and Pew, both of whom live outside Philadelphia, met on April sixth with fifteen Party leaders (whose combined salaries on the city payroll total \$125,000) and formally announced that they were instructing the Legislature to kill the charter bills, in order not to let the people of Philadelphia so much as vote on the charter in a referendum. Whether this little coterie succeeds in defeating the plan is to be seen, but it is quite likely that they will. Yet even if the politicians fail to beat the charter they would still leave undisturbed the vast vats of political gravy in the county government and the courts.

Paradoxically, the public finally may get a break from the machine itself. Philadelphia's present position on the verge of bankruptcy is more embarrassing to machine leaders than half a dozen reform campaigns. When there isn't enough cash in the Treasury to pay the faithful there's likely to be a lot of infidelity in the wards and precincts. So to save their own skins and block a party split which seems to be in the making, Pew, Cooke, and the groups behind them may decide to make a few concessions themselves.

Actually, of course, any concessions from such quarters will be small, even under the stimulus of machine distress. And the ineptitude of Philadelphia's "best people" is not to be underestimated. When George W. Norris, former head of the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank, recently proposed that the city budget be balanced by a sales tax, a wage tax, and a higher realty tax, he showed that there will be scant vision in the high places. The machine is due to toss a few sops, give the taxpayers the husk of a victory, and then proceed as before — relying on the formula of old Boss Quay:

"Multiplication, division — and silence."

HITLER MUST FIGHT!

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

Author of *The German Octopus*

IN an unpretentious building on Berlin's quiet Margarethen Strasse, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg has his private offices. On the third floor the visitor is ushered along a hallway, past Storm Troopers who stand like brown statues, and into a large room. A man in dark morning coat, striped trousers, wing collar, and polka-dot bow tie gets up from his desk and shakes hands stiffly. As Chief of the Foreign Affairs Section of the Nazi Party, Dr. Rosenberg is "prophet laureate" of the Third Reich. Less headlined than Goering, Goebbels, and von Ribbentrop, Rosenberg is, nevertheless, an important figure in the field of Nazi foreign policy. More than any other man in the Third Reich, perhaps, he is the father of today's drive to the East. In that role the Russian-born Rosenberg has played a vital part in shaping Hitler's diplomatic strategy.

Many naïve people in the Western countries once believed that minor territorial revisions would appease the Nazis. Even then Hit-

ler and Rosenberg were planning a great *Mittleuropa* empire that would dominate the Old World. In defense of this program, Dr. Rosenberg told the writer: "Germany has a historic right to develop the Balkans." The "Balkans," he conceded, took in "everything south of Germany." Today, Dr. Rosenberg's "Balkans" probably take in regions east of Germany, too — everything from the Aegean to the Arctic.

The Reich does not wish to make war upon her "Balkan" neighbors, Dr. Rosenberg explained, she only wants to "develop" them. Germany wants to bring peace to Europe, a "dynamic peace" that will benefit the small nations and the Reich alike. It would, the "prophet laureate" finally admitted, be a *Pax Germanica*, dictated by a German empire so powerful that no nation could offer resistance.

But suppose that the French, British, Poles, and other peoples threatened by Nazi aggression, should refuse to allow the Nazis to

complete their projected empire. What would the Reich do? Dr. Rosenberg raised his hand in a deprecating gesture. He trusted that the "war party" in the democracies would have no chance to interfere with the Führer's "peace plans."

During the first week of April this "interference" materialized. The French and British had finally reached a point from which they threatened to retreat no farther. By guaranteeing the "independence" of Poland, the Western democracies started a counter-attack. At the same time the American government made it plain that it might aid the democracies, at least by economic methods. For the first time since he came to power, Hitler met determined resistance. Assuming that Paris and London are in earnest this time, will the Führer drop his imperial ambitions? Or fight?

Nazi Germany has reached the crossroads where Hitler must make a transcendently important decision. If he follows the road of empire toward domination of Europe, he must expect a fight. But to stop where he is now is to leave the job only half done; it is to turn his back on the ambitions — and the economic compulsions — that are the driving power of the Third Reich. Indeed, to stop now would

be to lose many of the advantages of the "bloodless" victories that have won for Great Germany the territories of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Memel. It is the writer's conviction that Hitler will fight — that he *must* fight.

The Nazis have hoped that one retreat of the "decadent" Western democracies would follow another. At the same time the realistic Nazi leadership has provided for the contingency of Franco-British resistance to the axis powers. The Siegfried line protecting the Reich's western frontier, the entente with Italy, the anti-Comintern pact, the four-year plan have all strengthened Germany's diplomacy. They have also been part of the preparation for the conflict that must come if Hitler cannot reach his goal "bloodlessly."

A dictator holds his position by prestige. Once Hitler surrendered to Franco-British opposition he would invite defiance from even the small nations that are his prospective victims. If he gave up his plans for a great Nazi empire, some contemporary Captain Röhm might attempt to displace him. At all costs, therefore, Hitler must preserve his prestige. If this means war, then he will wage war.

And there are other compelling reasons why Hitler does not dare to

back down. For the past six years his propaganda has dangled before the German people the bait of economic abundance. Tighten your belts today, he has told them, and tomorrow there will be plenty for everybody. Germany is living on what are really war rations. Food cards are used. *Ausverkauft* (sold out) is a common sign in German stores. These sacrifices are being borne now in expectation of promised prosperity. To fulfill this promise the imperial dream must be realized in all its vastness. Austria and the provinces of Czechoslovakia have not relieved the Reich's food and raw materials shortage; they have increased that shortage. Germany wants the wheat fields of Hungary and Rumania; the poultry and timber of the Baltic states; the minerals, timber, oil, and food of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia; the wool, cotton, and food of Asia Minor. Yet the Reich cannot "develop" these resources until the political and economic Nazi empire becomes a reality.

II

Unemployment has practically disappeared in Germany. This victory has been effected by a regimentation that has destroyed both

personal liberty and free capitalism. The Reich is today a huge military machine. Its *Wehrwirtschaft* (military economy) has mobilized not only the nation's manpower but its material resources in what amounts to a permanent mobilization. But the banishment of unemployment is the one great compensation to the masses for their lowered living standards. It can remain banished only as long as the Reich can push its armament program.

Industries are turning out arms, munitions, uniforms, and myriad war-time necessities. The air and naval programs are driven forward at top speed. On the western border 500,000 men are busy building steel and concrete fortifications from Switzerland to the Netherlands. Directly or indirectly every industry in the nation has a stake in this armament program.

Let us suppose for a moment that Hitler were to back down before the Franco-British alliance. He could then no longer justify the crushing economic burdens that he imposes to keep his armament program speeding. Overnight almost he would have millions of unemployed on his hands. His prestige would suffer a blow that might be fatal. Indeed, the swastika regime itself might collapse. Dicta-

tors prefer a foreign war to a domestic upheaval. To escape an internal revolution Hitler would certainly plunge the Reich into a foreign war. Such are the dynamics of the Nazi regime, beyond the control of its supreme and lesser Führers. The forces unleashed cannot be thrust back; at best they can only be temporarily restrained. Any seeming concession under pressure will be no more than a maneuver, preparatory to a renewed drive.

Many Americans have failed to realize that Hitler has cleverly transferred the Reich's class struggle to the world stage. He has convinced his followers, and many non-Nazis as well, that foreign war is preferable to civil conflict. The class struggle between the masses and privileged classes dominated the social scene before 1933. Hitler has transformed it into a conflict in which the German masses and privileged classes are ranged on one side and the privileged nations on the other. He has promoted solidarity at home at the risk of war abroad. He cannot drop this policy, even at the cost of a fight with the Franco-British and their allies. It is in the very fibre of his regime.

Some of Hitler's enemies — notably the British — have been slow to realize that since he came to power in January 1933 he has

been waging "totalitarian warfare" against them. This kind of undeclared and allegedly "bloodless" conflict destroyed Austria and Czechoslovakia, took Memel from Lithuania, and has made sensational gains in Hungary and Rumania. This "totalitarian warfare" is waged by means of enormous propaganda drives, ruthless economic penetration, political interference, minorities disputes, and diplomatic maneuvering. Until the first week of April it had been almost miraculously successful. If the British and their allies can checkmate Hitler's "totalitarian warfare," he will be forced to resort to the age-old method of pitting army against army. He cannot for long remain poised half-way; the pressures behind him are too powerful.

How soon will he throw down the gauntlet of armed conflict to his enemies? A guess is too risky — it may have happened by the time these words are in print, or it may be a year or two. We can merely take cognizance of the factors that favor an early war, and others that point toward postponement. Time is working on the side of the French and the British in the armaments race (though not in other respects, if Hitler is permitted to expand his holdings while the race is on). The

economic strain on Germany is well-nigh unbearable and may precipitate a show-down. The opportunistic Mussolini, as Berlin knows too well, might be bought off by Paris and London. Stalin, though long eager to find a formula of co-operation with Hitler, will probably line up with the Franco-British group. During the coming year the Japanese may be so weakened in their prolonged Chinese struggle that they could not seriously threaten the Soviets.

The Führer may therefore decide that now is the time to act. But there are equally good reasons why he should play possum for a period. At the moment his enemies are on the *qui vive*. Give the French and British time, however, and they may settle back again into a complacent state of mind. The success of surprise tactics requires the proper psychic state in both Western democracies and victim country. All along Hitler has reasoned soundly that the French and British were more likely to go to war to prevent some move than to undo a *fait accompli*. Hitler must weigh the fact that his ruthlessness in Czechoslovakia this March has aroused in the western democracies indignation enough to induce a war-acceptance psychology. The near-panic in Paris and London

which made possible the "peace with honor" at Munich has been halted. The Führer may need time to disrupt the London-Paris-Moscow coalition. There are, in short, considerations on the side of postponement. But the word is postponement, not abandonment, of the Nazi push. That push is integral in Nazi feeling, Nazi thinking, and Nazi economics.

III

The preparation of the German public mind to accept war has not been relaxed. Indeed, it has been intensified. Hardly did the British offer their guarantee to Poland before the cry of *Einkreisung* (encirclement) went up in Germany. It is a threat that carries weight. It was raised by Bismarck, then by Wilhelm II. It evokes in Germans the memories of the Allied food blockade which continued even after the Armistice. If there is one thing that can make a German grit his teeth and get ready to fight it is a conviction that his hungry Fatherland is again being "encircled." That is precisely the angry conviction Hitler and Goebbels are furiously whipping up.

Moreover, the clash with Poland provides a popular issue in a sense that the Czech issue, or even

Memel, did not. A German drive against Poland would undoubtedly rally to the swastika many wavering elements in the Reich. For centuries the Germans and Poles have fought and died for possession of the mouth of the Vistula. Pacifistic democrats of the Weimar Republic found themselves in agreement with militaristic Junkers in their common opposition to the so-called Polish Corridor, which cuts the Reich in two. German determination to recover the Corridor and "redeem" Danzig was strong when Hitler was still an unknown agitator who frequented cheap beer houses and had only a handful of followers. It was the Führer who later dramatized the Corridor issue. When he came to power, Europe expected him to attack Poland. But the Führer proved that he was a strategist who could bide his time.

If he delays his invasion of Poland, we can look for a renewal of "totalitarian warfare." The basic strategy will follow the streamlined aggression that the Nazis used in Austria and Czechoslovakia. Propaganda will play an important part. The Reich may press Lithuania to enter the German orbit, thereby further encircling Poland. Berlin will make every effort to increase bad blood

between Warsaw and Moscow. Almost as important, perhaps, will be the Nazi effort to stir up the large Ukrainian minority inside Poland. Hitler needs a hostile Ukrainian population at Poland's back. He might even succeed in staging a Ukrainian uprising as an excuse to "restore order."

For all his impetuosity, the Führer has demonstrated that he can wait for the right moment. His timing failed only once, the premature *Putsch* in Austria in July 1934. He was compelled to back down in the face of the Duce's threats and Austrian resistance. Astutely he replaced the armed *Putsch* with "totalitarian warfare." He played possum. Four years later Austria was part of the Great Reich. Again last May he encountered unexpected resistance from the Czechs. They mobilized to meet his threatened attack. Many optimistic souls in the western democracies and America believed that Hitler had been stopped. Once more he played possum while his "totalitarian warfare" against Czechoslovakia paved the way for the "peace of Munich."

Today the "Aggrandizer of the Reich" finds that the line of least resistance is forward. And not because the French and British may not energetically oppose his "dy-

namic peace policy." The forces that he has created in Germany are pushing him irresistibly along the road to eventual war. The Reich is now far more a "state of soldiers and officials" than the Prussia of Prince von Bulow. The Nazi Party, the military economy, the fear of an economic collapse, the possibility of a bad potato crop, the dangers of inflation, of unemployment, and of internal opposition — these are factors in the shaping of Hitler's foreign policies. And they are all forcing him along the path which leads toward an armed collision.

The military philosophy of National Socialism carries on the policies of Prussian militarism. Lieutenant Colonel Walter Jost, press chief of the German war ministry, sums up the Nazi-Prussian military creed when he says: "A man unfit for military service is a burden to the army and to the state." And Hitler's *Weltpolitik* is a revival of the Nineteenth Century Pan-German dream of empire. True, Hitler's foreign policy is more than Bismarck's policy dressed in a brown shirt. But the old "blood and iron" vitalizes it. The *Drang nach Osten* (push to the East) was under way long before Hitler was born. When the "Empire Builder" leads the Reich into

war to win his *Lebensraum* (living space) he will be following the Berlin-to-Bagdad route staked out by his Imperial predecessors.

The Third Reich of 1939 is a land of military pageants, belligerent oratory, warlike displays, dramatics, and gigantic demonstrations staged against a theatrical background that glorifies war. Germany is a colossal human and material dynamo that feeds on its own momentum. It is doubtful whether Hitler could temper the speed and destructiveness of this dynamo if he wanted to. It may be that the whirling swastika which he has made of Germany is now out of control, carrying with it the entire Nazi leadership. The wishful-thinking hope of certain Western statesmen that they can placate the Nazi Reich, that they can appease it for any really long period with concessions here and there, is utopian. A Germany truly appeased would no longer be Nazi — internal forces now held in leash would be released.

That the Nazi Party's high command looks upon war as the ultimate consequence of Hitler's policies is borne out by the fatalistic statement of a National Socialist hierarchy: "If we lose," he told me, "our defeat will drag all Europe down into the abyss with us."

PAUL REVERE, Esq.

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FROM the Isle of Guernsey to settle in Boston came Appollos Rivoire, an expert worker in gold and silver. The "dunderhead natives," as he called Bostonians, had difficulty with the French name. He changed it to "Revere," and in 1735 his son Paul was born. As soon as Paul was old enough he was put to work in his father's shop.

The old man died in 1754. Paul carried on the family trade, but it was hardly enough for his talents and energies. He took up engraving on copper, then almost unknown in the Colonies. He published a song book of ninety-six pages, making the music plates himself. He did several portraits on copper and engraved a bird's-eye map of Boston. A bit later he engraved plates for the first Massachusetts currency. He also operated successfully as a dentist. Said a card in the *Boston Gazette* of 1770:

"Paul Revere flatters himself that he can fix Teeth . . . in such a manner that they are *not only an Ornament* but of real use in Speaking and Eating."

Best known, however, were the

telling cartoons of P. Revere, the artist-engraver. After 1762 he came out every little while with a savage picture on the subject of British tax collectors and soldiers. His "Boston Massacre" was the most famous and inflammatory, and no patriot's home was complete without its copy. Paul was really a domestic man. He married Sarah Orne, who bore him eight children and died. Then he married Rachel Walker who bore him eight more. He outlived Rachel.

Revere stood high in the secret councils of the Sons of Liberty, the local rebel group. He was one of the "Indians" who dumped the tea at the famous Party. Next day he made his first ride, this time to take letters from the Sons to their counterparts in New York and Philadelphia, urging them to resist "Georg ye Third." Although he never owned a horse, Paul, from this time on, was often on horseback. He made two more saddle trips to Philadelphia. His fourth ride was to Durham, New Hampshire, to induce the Sons there to

raid the British fort at Portsmouth. This was done. A large quantity of powder was obtained, and later used at Bunker Hill.

The British were getting tired of the revolutionary sniping and sabotage. They filled Boston with troops. The group of patriots who constituted a sort of New England Congress found Boston too hot. Sam Adams and John Hancock fled to Concord with a price on their heads. Other members of the Congress followed. Dr. Joseph Warren, the patriot leader, who remained in Boston, detailed Paul Revere as a one-man guard to the Congress; he was to warn Adams and Hancock of any British troop movements.

On Saturday night, April 15, 1775, patriot spies noted unusual activity among the redcoats quartered on Boston Common. Advised of the matter, Dr. Warren ordered Paul Revere to put the Congress on its guard; the British, knowing that arms and powder were stocked there, might be moving on Concord. Next day was a beautiful spring Sunday. Hiring a horse in Charlestown, Paul performed his fifth ride leisurely, stopping along the way, so legend persists, to absorb a vast amount of Medford rum. But he warned Hancock and the Congress. Paul returned to Boston that night. It was doubtless

his most important ride, before or since, though arbitrarily subordinated in our national legendry by the whim of a poet.

II

Three days later, at ten o'clock in the evening, Dr. Warren saw British troops moving toward the Charles River. He ordered William Dawes, a staunch Son, to ride by the land route to Concord and Lexington and warn the boys that the British actually were on the way. At the same time Warren asked Paul to ferry to Charlestown and ride to Concord, just in case Dawes was captured on the way.

Now comes the lantern business. Paul had previously made arrangements with Sons in Charlestown. If they saw one light in the steeple of the Old North Church, they would know that the British were leaving Boston by land; two lights, by sea. On the appearance of such a signal, a Son was to ride to Congress with the information.

Paul went to Robert Newman, sexton of the church. Newman hung two lanterns, and immediately an unnamed horseman in Charlestown set out for Lexington and Concord. This messenger had a good start on both Dawes and Revere. But Paul was no man to do

things by halves. And, anyway, Dr. Warren had asked him to ride, too. Paul and his friends rowed across the Charles. Paul mounted a horse and began his sixth ride in the cause of liberty. He dodged a detail of British soldiers on the way, and arrived at Lexington green without more trouble. Dawes, riding the longer land route, arrived half an hour later. What became of the third messenger is not known.

With the Minute Men of Lexington drinking rum and cleaning their guns, Revere and Dawes set out together for Concord, eight miles away. On the road they met young Sam Prescott, a good Son, who had been courting a girl and was on his way home. The three men rode together, rousing the farmers. When nearly to their goal, they were suddenly halted by British troops. Dawes and Prescott charged their horses through a gap in a pasture fence and escaped. Revere was captured, his horse taken away, and he himself left beside the road. Dawes and Prescott got to Concord in plenty of time to warn the Americans. But Lexington was the end of the line for Paul.

During the rest of the war Revere served as major, then colonel of artillery. He learned how to make gunpowder, and in an incredibly short time had turned out

forty barrels of it for the Colonial troops. Serving on the ill-fated Penobscot expedition, Revere was court-martialed on a charge of disobeying orders, and acquitted. In 1798, as Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons, he laid the cornerstone to the present State House. With a son he started a brass business that endured for seventy years. In 1814, when Boston was in danger of a British attack, the 80-year old Paul Revere volunteered to serve at the breastworks. He died in 1818 at the age of 84, honored and well-to-do.

His really great fame, however, came forty-five years later, when a Cambridge poet found that "Revere" was a better rhyming word than "Dawes." That wondrous fame has never dimmed. All other rides gave right of way to that one "midnight ride." Fact and poetic fancy presented us with an ever-fresh, ever-moving patriotic chromo. In 1939 there are 114 entries containing "Revere" or "Paul Revere" in the Boston telephone directory. Each April nineteenth two men representing Dawes and Revere ride horses over the fifteen miles of pavement to Lexington. Although the event, in recent years, is officially known as Patriots' Day, it is commonly associated with Revere's name alone.

Mrs. Dilling: *LADY OF THE RED NETWORK*

BY MILTON S. MAYER

SEVERAL years ago two women met at a public gathering in Chicago. One of them, white-haired, broad-browed, and serene, was known generally as one of the noblest women who ever lived. The other, middle-aged, red-headed, gaudy, was distinguished solely by the fact that she regarded the first lady as the most dangerous radical in America. A devilish newspaper photographer asked the older woman to pose with the younger. "If Mrs. Dilling is willing to have her picture taken with me," said Jane Addams, "you may take it — providing you will caption the picture, 'Two D.A.R.'s.'"

This was, perhaps, the only time in her life that Miss Addams was consciously cruel. For while she was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, she knew that Mrs. Dilling was not, and while she herself scorned the accident of ancestry, Elizabeth Dilling would have prized it above rubies. In fact, the key to the life and works of the woman whom

Dorothy Thompson calls "one of the most successful defamers of private characters in this country" is to be found in the fact that she is ineligible for the glorious company of the girls for whom one revolution was enough.

It was only a few years ago that this wife of a minor Chicago politician sprang full-blown from obscurity with the revelation that Chief Justice Hughes, Glenn Frank, H. L. Mencken, Senator Robert Taft, and William Green were up to their ears in communist conspiracy. Armed with a Gideon Bible and a Chicago *Tribune*, this Super-Expert-Patriot — a term of her own coining — began her crusade against the Forces of Darkness, represented by atheistic, free-loving bolshevism and all its American allies in their manifold disguises.

Vigorous and irrepressible, Mrs. Dilling fancied herself a combination of Horatius and St. Joan, and undertook to save the nation for fundamentalism and 100 per cent Americanism. Her first and major

blast was *The Red Network: A Handbook of Radicalism for Patriots*, which exposed the subversive iniquity of almost every distinguished public man and woman in the country.

Civilized people, liberal and conservative, very frankly regarded Mrs. Dilling as beneath contempt. They overlooked the fact, however, that few people are civilized. *The Red Network*, with all its fantastic lies and infantile half-truths, spread steadily — from American Legion post to D.A.R. chapter, from sheriff's office in the South to headquarters of Klans and Silver Shirts and to Eastern centers of Nazi Bunds and Save-the-Constitution societies. When the Rev. L. M. Birkhead of Kansas City called on Julius Streicher in Nuremberg he saw a copy of *The Red Network* on the desk.

Mrs. Dilling boasts with justice that her book has been recommended by "the Army and Navy Register, the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, the National Sojourners, the National Americanism Chairman of the American Legion, and countless patriotic leaders." She is cited regularly by professional patrioteers as "an authority," a "student of radicalism," and a "research expert." The extent to which she has served as a

source for defamation is impossible to gauge, but her accusations have been accepted as expert testimony by a dozen legislative and Congressional investigations, and her Index of every American left of Father Coughlin has given the promoters of group hatreds a "factual" basis for their dirty work — precisely as the fake anthropologists provided the Nazi rabble-rousers with their soap-box appeals in the early Munich days.

To see the lady in action, screaming and leaping and ripping along at breakneck speed, is to see certain symptoms of simple hysteria on the loose. As often happens in such cases, the hysteria is combined with complete sincerity and superficial plausibility. Her triumph lies in piling up detail — most of it wrong — until her audience collapses under the heap and begins writhing with the doctor in her witch-dance. Her lectures never run less than two hours and she is the fastest, most uninterruptible talker in the land.

Mrs. Dilling's husband, Albert, is her end-man. Albert hasn't had much to do since the end of his political career as an engineer in Chicago's unsanitary Sanitary Department several years ago, when strange odors arose from that office and wafted their way into the

newspapers. He now attends subversive meetings and comes away with tell-tale banners and placards and programs, which he holds up, one after another, for the edification and horror of Elizabeth's audiences.

Though Albert's engineering office does not suggest professional prosperity, the Dillings own a home (as rococo as Elizabeth herself) in Kenilworth, one of the snootiest of Chicago's north-shore suburbs. The cold, complete rebuff by her respectable neighbors only whets the lady's determination to prove that she "belongs" — somewhere. The Super-Expert-Patriot business is a compensatory reflex for external as well as internal maladjustment.

II

On first reading, *The Red Network* and its companion piece, *The Roosevelt Red Record* (the latter published during the 1936 election campaign), seem like a burlesque of all the bilge that has been written under the name of Americanism in the last two decades. Far-fetched implications, tenuous relationships — every modest suggestion of Christian tolerance becomes "proof" of treachery and drags another victim into the network. Ambassador

Bullitt, for instance, is cited for his "speech on Patrick Henry which incensed Senator Carter Glass." Robert M. Hutchins is "president of the Red Center (University of Chicago)." Vincent Astor published the "radical" magazine *Today* and was once identified by Red Roosevelt as "a very distant cousin."

A frothing militarist, Mrs. Dilling assures her readers that anyone "willing to peruse the dry documentary evidence" cannot doubt that "the Pacifist and Revolutionary movements are linked together with hoops of steel." And into the network go Carrie Chapman Catt, half a dozen Protestant bishops, and nearly every pastor, priest, or rabbi who has ever taken the Prince of Peace too seriously. William Green is a Red because he testified to Hitler's slaughter of labor. Fannie Hurst drips blood as "a radical Jewish authoress and director of the Good Neighbor League." Uncle Danny Roper, ex-Secretary of Commerce, made the grade by sponsoring the "radical" Town Hall Forum in Washington.

If you wonder how Gen. Hugh Johnson or Chairman Glenn Frank of the Republican Party Policy Committee fell into Moscow's hands, you will see how easy it is by observing that Leopold Stokow-

ski descended to Elizabeth's inferno by conducting the *Ode to Lenin*. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, late of the TVA and an outspoken anti-New Dealer, is damned as a director of the "radical" Progressive Education Association. A particularly enigmatic indictment is that of Gilbert Seldes as "a radical columnist for the Hearst papers."

Organizations traced to Moscow by Mrs. Dilling's "documentary evidence" include the Federal Council of Churches (representing 22,000,000 Protestants), the Methodist Federation, the National Catholic Welfare Conference headed by the "ultra-radical" Father John A. Ryan, the American Federation of Labor, the American Association for the Advancement of Negroes, and the YWCA, whose national board "sends out a never-ending stream of Red propaganda." As a fanatical fundamentalist, the lady is compelled to brand as atheistic almost every institutional church and liberal divine this side of the Tennessee hills and atheism, like pacifism, is communism.

"You're going out into the worst age of history," she tells the Monday evening meeting of the Moody Bible Institute. "You don't know the Red harlot, the Red beast, and the signs of the times that are coming." If you don't, that's because

you haven't heard Aunt Elizabeth sing the *Internationale* while Albert waves the Red flag. The Dillings say they saw Russia in 1931 — and that, says Elizabeth, is how it all started. "The food makes you sick at your stomach. It did me. It really did. I don't care what anybody says. We saw Lenin. He's god in Russia. Pickled in alcohol under glass. A little sandy-whiskered thing. A poor substitute for Jesus Christ. I thought to myself — pooh, you don't amount to much." And the Moody Bible Institute screams for more.

Nothing activates Mrs. Dilling's bile quite so effectively as the millionaires who, in their innocence, finance the revolution. Testifying at a legislative investigation of the University of Chicago in 1934, she was rattling on about the deviltry of Newton D. Baker, Justice Brandeis, and Margaret Sanger, when one of the legislators asked her where she stood on Harold H. Swift, chairman of Chicago's trustees. "He's the cream-puff type," the witness replied, "that would have its throat cut first in the revolution. Some rich men turn to booze, some to chorus girls, and others to communism." Among the rich men who, according to Elizabeth's reckoning, turned to communism are President Walter A.

Gifford of the AT&T ("he once lived at Hull House"); Thomas W. Lamont ("a councilman of the Foreign Policy Association, which has been known for its subtle intellectual pro-communist propaganda"); and President Fred W. Sargent of the Chicago and North Western Railway ("supporter and public defender of his ultra-radical minister, Rev. E. F. Tittle").

The Republicans, with their Hugheses, Borahs, Tafts, Stimsons, and Franks, are bad enough. But the New Deal is the Red Beast itself, and Eleanor Roosevelt has taken first place away from Jane Addams as the low-heeled termite nibbling away at our historic institutions. Though the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion accepts *The Red Network* at face value, and credits Mrs. Dilling as the source of the information published in its book *Isms*, the D.A.R. was prevented by a firmly rebellious minority from officially distributing copies of the book purchased by its National Defense Committee. The 1935 convention of the Daughters was almost wrecked by its President-General's denunciation of Mrs. Dilling as a "defamer of personalities and characters."

But what slays Mrs. Dilling is the universal attention and favor the

enemies within the gates enjoy. Prof. Albert Einstein, for example, receives forty lines of agate type in *The Red Network*, as the father of a daughter who married a Russian and a scientist whose "much press-agented relativity theory is supposedly beyond the intelligence of almost everyone except himself." Einstein was irrevocably committed to the revolution when he spent a night at the White House. What Red relativistic potions were brewed that night Mrs. Dilling hesitates to imagine.

Elizabeth's latest front-page appearance was before the Senate Judiciary Committee, where she attacked the appointment of Prof. Felix Frankfurter and assured the country that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; Justices Hughes, Stone, and Brandeis; Senators Borah and Norris (both present as committee members), La Follette, and Frazier; Donald Richberg and Glenn Frank were all as Red as ever. She characterized herself, as usual, as "an American citizen who devotes her time to non-communistic activities at my own expense." And no one can doubt that our lady in red would feel as she does if she didn't get a nickel for it. Doing this kind of thing — or collecting stray dogs — is an irresistible need in a particular

kind of emotional disbalance. But it takes money to keep her in throat lozenges and Pullmans, to pay the rent for the Chicago headquarters of her "Patriotic Research Bureau," to publish her pamphlets like *Borah: Borer from Within the GOP*, in which the Senate dean is linked with that other "socialistic Republican," William Allen White.

Her two books, which she publishes herself, sell at \$1.15 each, pretty close to publishing cost. They don't sell in quantities, although the "Jeffersonian Democrats of Texas" bought and distributed 5000 copies of *The Roosevelt Red Record* just before the 1936 election, and the "Rev." Gerald Winrod offers *The Red Network* free with lot subscriptions to his anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic paper, *The Revealer*. Elizabeth lectures — certainly at no sizeable fee — before Legion posts and women's clubs of the simpler sort. But that these sources of income — with Albert's thrown in — tote up to enough to cover her outlay is at least questionable.

One of her admirers was the late Henry B. Joy, a motor-car manufacturer whose one-man campaign against the Federal Council of Churches was carried on during his lifetime without regard to expense. There are other gentlemen of sub-

stance who have used Mrs. Dilling's revelations in their wars on trade unions and the New Deal. One of her closest associates is Harry A. Jung of the "American Vigilante Intelligence Federation," whose specialty is peddling the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

III

Elizabeth's works display the common aspects of every kind of fascism in the modern world: militarism, racism, and hysterical hatred for liberalism, intellectualism, trade unionism, and pacifism in even their mildest and most idealistic forms. If there is an American brand of fascism rising, with big interests pushing little fanatics out in front, the lady in red would not be a bad investment. She thinks — honestly no doubt — that she isn't anti-Semitic, and broke with Col. Edwin M. Hadley's "Paul Reveres" when that society went for the Jews openly. But bigotries have a tendency to blend, and Mrs. Dilling is afraid that "most of the communists are Jews," though she adds with lofty charity that "it does not follow that most of the Jews are communists."

The lady follows the demagogic over-simplification of "American-

ism" which gives the American people only the ugly alternatives of fascism and communism. It's the line of communist and fascist propagandists alike: choose between cancer and smallpox, and choose quick! The alternative of decent good health is left out of account. Having attacked both diseases, Mrs. Dilling admits, with mock sorrow, that the less ugly is fascism:

It seeks a harmony between all classes and concedes to industrialists, white-collar, professional as well as laboring workers, a place in the social order. . . . It defends some property rights and religion. . . .

Though Mrs. Dilling may not as a personality loom big among other purveyors of bogus Americanism her influence is large. Long after the Winrods, Kuhns, Gerald Smiths, and perhaps the Coughlins, have faded from the picture, this woman's book will continue to function. The reason is that it is a *book*, an alphabetical cataloguing of names and dates and "facts," partaking in its very format of the seeming reliability of such a compilation. *The Red Network* and *The Roosevelt Red Record* are probably the only hard covers in American

fascism. They have all the surface signs of "truth" — photographs, photostats, etc. — over a substance that crawls with outright untruth and pernicious exaggeration. Excerpts have entered into the *Congressional Record*, and been solemnly quoted on endless occasions. *The Red Network* has found its way into libraries and bibliographies, and into the Police Departments of New York City and Chicago. It is recommended to audiences in Seattle by Lieutenant-Commander Zachery of the Silver Shirts and is read from by Captain Arden S. Turner of the Student Americaners in Columbus, Ohio.

Hitler's suggestion that a lie reiterated often enough and big enough will carry the day has a crossroads counterpart in Mrs. Dilling's repeated assertion that "no one has ever disproved one fact in the book." It would be nice to believe that the Lady in Kenilworth is merely a case for Dr. Freud. It would be nice to believe that patriotism, in this instance, is the last refuge of a red-headed woman. Ten, even five, years ago it was easy to believe all this. But there is no guarantee today that the Dillings won't inherit the earth.



THE WAGES OF CINEMA

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

EVEN after excluding the lowly extras and bit players at one end, and including all the Garbos, Gary Coopers, Lombards, and other stars, the average earnings for actors in Hollywood for 1938 came to \$15,617.60, or about \$300 a week. That was the flat figure, making no deductions for agents' cuts, managerial fees, publicity, advertising, fan mail, and other unavoidable drains. Viewed with unblurred eyes, that is what the great American dream of fame and fortune in Hollywood amounts to — \$300 a week less expenses.

In order to scale it down intelligently, however, the whole picture must be considered. In all honesty, extras and bit players should be counted in, since the chances are overwhelming that the dreamer lured to Hollywood will end in that category. Once you take in *all* actors in *all* Hollywood films for the past year, the average annual earnings nose-dive to \$2444.52, or about \$45 a week. That, of course, still includes Garbo's \$15,000 weekly, Bing

Crosby's \$300,000 annual minimum, and the other bloated incomes. And it still makes no proviso for agents' fees, taxes, and other lovely deductions that embitter an actor's life.

Even forty-five bucks, you console yourself at this juncture, is better than you could do at the Oskaloosa Five-and-Ten. Is it? Before you get started, let's bring the figures a little closer home.

There are 2113 actors in the top group of Hollywood screen performers — all recognized stars or featured players. But there are 15,322 accepted (that is, "recognized" or "experienced") screen actors in Hollywood. Deducting the 2113 big shots, we have a group of 13,209 persons whose total average wage last year was \$337.27. The cold fact is, therefore, that 13,209 Hollywood picture actors — all of them recognized or with experience — earned an average of \$6.48 per week during 1938.

Despite these disheartening statistics, however, conditions are much better now than they were.

About three years ago, the Screen Actors' Guild, realizing something of all this, ordered a house-cleaning and sheared its lists to the lowest possible denominator. Thousands of names were taken off the membership lists. Persons who merely had the urge, but not experience, or had not worked for a certain length of time or could not afford the Guild dues (\$25 a year), were informed that they were now on the outside looking in.

After the pogrom there remained 2113 actors on the list who, last year, were paid 20 per cent of the \$165,000,000 expended on Hollywood film production, and 13,209 actors who were paid 2.7 per cent of the total production coin layout.

A good idea of what goes on in the lower brackets is found in a perusal of some further statistics. The average daily wage for an extra is \$10.78. In 1938, an average of 844 extras per day were employed. Pretty good, of course, when working; almost \$11 a day. But those 844 were picked from a list of 13,209, so that every single day of the year there were 12,365 extras who were unemployed.

Work at something else between studio calls is practically out of the question. Jobs permitting come-and-go, which you can drop at a

minute's notice because you've got a studio call, are not easy to find. And if you don't answer a call for a picture — well, maybe you won't get another. Worst of all, there is no such thing as a call from a studio. You have to do the calling yourself, a full time job in itself.

There are too many extras in Hollywood and not enough jobs. The producers, some years ago, got together and financed a pooling organization called Central Casting. All extra jobs are handled through this office. If Paramount wants 1000 extras, it calls Central Casting. Central Casting gets busy and readies its list of lucky ones. But Central Casting does not call these actors — it waits for them to call in.

And so 13,209 actors phone Central Casting every day. They are driven close to apoplexy by the busy signal. With average luck they stand a chance of working about 30 out of the 365 days. With exceptional good luck, they may rise into the next bracket and average \$300 — Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford at one end of the average, themselves at the other. . . . But the movie-struck will neither believe nor ponder these frigid facts. They must learn from experience what are the wages of cinema.

► *Recall the Robinson-Rubens mystery?*
It was only part of

STALIN'S AMERICAN PASSPORT MILL

BY HERBERT SOLOW

THREE conspirators were given prison terms early in May by United States District Judge Henry W. Goddard for their share in manufacturing fraudulent American passports. Federal Attorney John T. Cahill announced, on the basis of "official information," that the convicted men had worked in collaboration with the espionage agents of a foreign power. For reasons of state the court did not make explicit what was an open secret — that the foreign power is the Soviet Union. The three prisoners are small fry, but behind their trial lies a sensational story of organized underground Soviet activities on American soil by agents sent from Russia to work in collaboration with American communists. The story shows that, just as Hitler utilizes his sympathizers in the German-American Bund and its auxiliaries to propagandize and spy for Germany, so Stalin utilizes members and hangers-on of the American Communist Party for the Kremlin espionage.

Had the public realized that the

proceedings in Judge Goddard's court meshed in directly with the notorious "Robinson-Rubens" case which once titillated newspaper readers, the story might have received more attention. As it was, however, so many pieces of the intricate jigsaw puzzle of Soviet spying were missing that the trial seemed an obscure, if not banal, affair. The writer is in a position to supply missing pieces, after a year's intensive investigation — interviews with hundreds of persons, the gathering of many affidavits, and a correspondence reaching into many states and countries.

That foreign intelligence services operate in America is hardly news. It is news, however, when a legal and ostensibly American political party — one which advances candidates for public office from the Presidency down — serves as a recruiting ground for another nation's espionage service. The central fact of the story unfolded here is that the American Communist Party; and its periphery of sympathizers and fellow-travelers, con-

stitute a vast reservoir of spies for the Kremlin. The convicted men in the New York trial, their chief and their chief's wife, at least three people now under indictment and fugitives from the Federal authorities, and even many of the pettiest agents of the conspiracy, were all drawn from communist circles.

In spy lingo passports are "boots," and American boots are especially valuable. The fact that we have a polyglot population makes it possible for spies of almost any nationality to pass as Americans throughout the world without exciting suspicion. The United States, with mild competition from Canada, is therefore bootmaker to international spydom. An American passport mill is almost indispensable in any espionage set-up. Stalin's American passport mill has been working on a mass-production basis for years. Its products have served, and are still serving, secret agents of the Communist International, of the Foreign Division of the OGPU, and of the Fourth Section or intelligence service of the Soviet Army, which runs the mill.

The Robinson-Rubens pair, their confederates who were convicted, and others indicted but still uncaught, were operatives in the Fourth Section. Because their

branch of the mill was, in method and political background, typical of the whole, its story is worth unraveling despite its complexity.

As chief of the ring there emerges "Rubens," master cobbler in the Soviet passport mill, producing, it is reported, about 100 phony passports a month at the height of his career in America. He was known variously as Rudewitz, Richards, Robinson, Arnold, and Ewald. His biography and connections, revealed here for the first time, show him to have been an agent of considerable importance.

Rubens was born in Latvia and grew up in Russia. Some years ago General Berzin, a Latvian who long headed the Soviet military intelligence, assigned Rubens to work under General Walter Krivitsky, then chief of the West European Division of the Soviet military intelligence. In a recent interview with the *Baltimore Sun*, Krivitsky, now in America, identified Rubens as his former operative Ewald. Transferred to the United States, he worked for a time among seamen on the New York waterfront, picking up naturalization certificates and seamen's papers for the boot mill's use. Later he was made head of an independent branch of the mill, working directly under the orders of the "resident" or

chief of the North American Division of the Fourth Section.

It was through Leon Minster, an ex-taxi driver, airplane mechanic, and radio "ham," who worked with him on the waterfront, that Rubens met the American girl who became his wife. She was Ruth Marie Boerger, born in Philadelphia and a member of the Communist Party and of the Stalinist Unemployed Councils. The turning point in her life came when Minster introduced her to the young man who called himself Adolph Arnold Rubens; an attorney named Edward Blatt arranged Ruth's Reno divorce from her first husband, and she married the somewhat mysterious foreigner. Thereafter, on her husband's advice, she ceased public political activities — which, of course, do not go well with espionage.

After being put in charge of a boot-making branch, Rubens decided to pass himself off as a writer, and engineered a contract of employment with *Literary America*, an obscure and now defunct magazine. There is court testimony that he paid for this contract and that the "salary" he received came out of his own pocket. When not traveling abroad, he lived with his American wife in a comfortable New York or suburban apartment.

He had two cars and a motorboat, employed a maid, belonged to the Oyster Bay Yacht Club and to a tennis club. The Boergers, his wife's family, came to regard him as a cultured, well-fixed gentleman, of vague origin and queer habits.

One of the habits subsequently recounted by the family in court was that in each of his several successive homes Rubens had a private "den," always locked, from which his in-laws and the maid were barred. Since he never produced a manuscript for his "employer" or published a line, it is clear that the den was no literary sanctum. Indeed, attorney Blatt had told this "employer," Kenneth Houston, that the contract was merely a subterfuge, intended to give Rubens social standing and some justification for his style of living — what spies call "legalization." Houston, incidentally, frequently visited the editorial offices of the communist-run magazines, *New Masses* and *Fight*.

Even aside from his identification by his former superior, Krivitsky, and his association with American Stalinists, Rubens' acquaintanceship with known Soviet spies leaves no room for doubt about which government he worked for. I have already mentioned his friend Minster, who was at one time in

the Chinese Division of the Fourth Section and who also worked with Robert Gordon Switz, the Soviet spy convicted in France in 1934. Two other spies with whom Rubens was in contact were:

GEORGE MINK, once in the Moscow Profintern (Red International of Labor Unions); later a Fourth Section operative in Philadelphia and, with Rubens, on the New York waterfront. In July, 1935, a Copenhagen court sent Mink to prison for Soviet espionage.

JULIET STUART POYNTZ, Nebraska-born ex-Barnard College teacher, for many years a leader of the Communist Party of the United States. She was its candidate for Attorney-General of New York and other offices. In 1934 she was withdrawn from public activity and assigned to the Fourth Section.

II

As a case study in the operation of the boot mill, let us trace the history of the passport issued by the State Department in the name of Ernest Weikin, a naturalized Latvian living in the Bronx. Most of this story of a typical passport fraud was recounted in Judge Goddard's court. To simplify matters, we may here list and describe the three conspirators who have been sent to prison, since they all figured in the Weikin job:

EDWARD BLATT, New York lawyer whose meager practice scarcely fitted his style of living. His political connections (aside from those with other oper-

atives in the passport conspiracy) are the least clear of the three convicted men. It is known merely that he visited Moscow, returned to proclaim enthusiasm for the Soviet regime, and numbered among his friends and family several followers of Stalin.

OSSIP GARBER, a Fifth Avenue photographer. According to the sworn deposition of a socialist acquaintance, Garber argued politics from the angle of "an ardent communist." There is testimony that he once asked his brother-in-law to receive for him letters from Russia in order that he would not "be thought communistic."

ARTHUR SHARFIN, of the Communist Party, New York District, Section XV (mid-Bronx), assigned at one time to Unit 12, then to other units. He was for a time organizer of the communist-controlled Unemployed Councils. He worked as an employee of the Royal Egyptian Consulate, where his pay was only about enough to cover his rent.

Now for the Weikin cobbling job, in which these men operated under Rubens' direction: John Blank, an accomplice of Rubens, had once roomed with Weikin, and they were fellow-members of a Stalinist fraternal organization. He induced Weikin to "rent" him his naturalization papers for \$10. Rubens then made out a passport application in Weikin's name, with "Anton Lutter" of 1 Charles Street as identifying witness. "Lutter" was none other than photographer Garber. Rubens passed the naturalization papers plus the application from Blank to Sharfin. Sharfin

asked an old schoolmate, referred to by G-men and the press as "Mr. D.", to use his connection with a Tammany district club to get the papers certified by the New York County Clerk. The excuse was that it would facilitate "confidential work" of the Egyptian Consulate, where Sharfin was employed. The Tammany County Clerk, Al Marinelli, has since explained that he did not understand his duties; in any case, he improperly consented to certify the application without requiring personal appearance.

Sharfin mailed the completed forms to the State Department, together with a money order to cover the fee. The Department had no reason to question the documents. It sent the passport to Ernest Weikin — in care, as instructed, of one Dorothy Terris, also at 1 Charles Street. She was known to fellow-students at New York University as a Stalinist.

Miss Terris had been told by her friend Blatt that she might expect such mail. Thus Blatt obtained the completed "boot" and gave it to Rubens. The naturalization papers were returned to their owner — the passport was retained by the mill. The photograph on the passport was Weikin's. In other cases photographs were supplied by Garber from his studio and, in any

event, Rubens knew how to remove an attached photograph from a passport, replace it with that of the destined user, and stamp it with a counterfeit State Department seal. The "den" had its purposes, even if not literary.

This is the simplest of the mill's methods. Of the hundreds of boots extracted by fraud from the American government, eighteen have been identified by the State Department as issued to the Rubens ring. Thirteen of these were obtained by the improper use of naturalization certificates, either "rented" by Rubens' confederates or "lost" by the owners before they reached Rubens' hands.

One passport, obtained in the name of Marko Filipovich, merits attention because it illustrates a special aspect of the bootmaking technique. The real Filipovich was dead when "he" applied for the passport. He had died in Gary, Indiana, in 1929. One day Rubens brought a friend to Blatt's office. Blatt arranged for this friend a court order changing his name from Filipovich (which it had never been) to Gerald Mark Moren. The court order plus the naturalization papers of the deceased Filipovich sufficed as a documentary basis for obtaining a passport for the newly created Moren.

Presumably the ring obtained the papers of the dead man from surviving relatives in need of cash. There are many ways of getting on their trail. The most widely used is that of watching news reports concerning deceased aliens. Fraternal life insurance societies with large foreign-born memberships make an excellent source of inside information. A leading official of one such a society is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

III

Rubens also cobbled boots in the names of native Americans. Those he made for himself and his wife, in the names of Donald Louis Robinson and Mrs. Ruth Norma Birkland Robinson, are typical. The real Robinson was born in New York on March 5, 1905, died there at the age of five, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery. Ruth Birkland was born in Brooklyn in 1909, died six years later and was buried in the Cemetery of the Evergreens. In 1936 the Rubens mill got passports from the State Department in the names of these long-dead children.

It is not difficult to obtain from various records in the Genealogy Division of the New York Public

Library data on which to base a request for a copy of birth certificates. Mrs. Rubens put in much time in the library on research whose nature she kept from her family. Thus, in the spring of 1935, the New York City Health Department received requests for copies of the Robinson and Birkland birth certificates. Such certificates do not indicate whether the persons named are alive or dead. The certificates were sent to "Mr. Robinson" at 345 East 17th Street; and to "Miss Birkland" at 599 Saratoga Avenue, Brooklyn. Many communists, both well-known and obscure, lived at those addresses. Neither they nor anyone else has admitted receiving the birth papers, but received they were. And a year later they were used by the pseudo-Robinsons in applying for passports. The applications, duly certified by Marinelli, were sent to Washington.

The State Department was asked to mail the "Robinson" passports to 12 West 46th Street. Before it could mail them, however, instructions came to send them instead to the Drama League Travel Bureau. The director of that bureau, who happened to be the wife of a physician closely acquainted with William Z. Foster, Stalinist leader, signed for the registered mail, and

the "Robinsons" received their boots. The director claims that she cannot recall how the passports got to the Robinsons.

We pause here to note some facts about two of the addresses mentioned above — 345 East 17th Street, and 12 West 46th Street. These were "post offices," as spies call intermediaries in the receipt of mail. Both houses were, at the time of their use for this purpose, residences of American communists, among them a friend of the Soviet spy, Switz, and a woman who was business manager of the monthly magazine, *The Communist*. Frequent visitors there were a star reporter of the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* and three chiefs of the Labor Research Association of the Communist Party.

Early in November 1937 Mr. and Mrs. Rubens reached Moscow, registered at the National Hotel as Robinson, and turned in their Robinson passports. Later it was discovered that the couple had sailed from New York on the *Rex* in October, using passports in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Rubens. The man's was fraudulent. It rested on a dual deception: the use by Rubens of naturalization papers belonging to one Christian Rudewitz, and of a court order (obtained by Blatt) entitling the bogus

Rudewitz to change his name to Rubens. The Rubenses, in other words, had two sets of passports: one used in leaving New York, the other in registering in Moscow.

The story of the arrest of these Robinsons was featured in the press at the time. Why the Russians arrested their own agents is no great problem in view of the many thousands of Soviet officials similarly arrested in recent years. That Rubens was not in Moscow merely to make a report is suggested first of all by a remarkable bit of intrigue which can be glimpsed through the press. On August 15, 1937 — two months before the couple sailed, but two months after the mill had obtained the Robinson passports — the following dispatch from Moscow appeared in the *New York Times*:

Fifteen more American tourists have been barred from entering the Soviet Union . . . They are passengers on the Swedish-American liner *Gripsholm* . . . three by the name of Robinson . . . unrelated and from different parts of the United States.

Despite this "man wanted" notice, the couple sailed for Russia, and though they had passports in the name of Rubens they used the set in the name of Robinson. Rubens was arrested. His wife was allowed to remain free (a most unusual procedure in Moscow) for a

few days — just long enough for her to alarm the American correspondents and the Embassy. Then she was taken in too. Was Rubens recalled, like hundreds of other Soviet agents abroad, from ambassadors down, for “liquidation?” Or was he demonstratively arrested and his wife given time to advertise the fact in order to build him up as a possible “confessing” witness in future political trials aimed at Americans?

There is much to support the latter hypothesis. Since 1937 the Soviet Secret Service has been arresting many Americans, ex-Americans, and persons with American connections, and many observers believe that in 1937 the Kremlin planned a demonstration trial with an “American angle.” Rubens, according to this theory, might have posed as a desperate anti-Soviet agent who used the name of Robinson while working in the USA, and who had long been wanted by the Soviet police. In that character, he might have given testimony “smearing” anti-Stalinist Americans which would have had a seeming authenticity. Whatever the purpose, the plan miscarried. Disclosures concerning the passport mill here, the arrest of some of Rubens’ accomplices, the discovery of indubitable connections

with American Stalinists — all served to invalidate Rubens and to identify him as a Soviet agent.

The key to the mystery of Rubens’ journey to Russia and his arrest remains in Soviet hands. The one thing clear is that he was part of a group of Soviet agents using American communists as its willing or (in some instances) innocent tools. Small wonder that the *Daily Worker* and other Stalinist organs, though they normally relish spy news, failed to publish a single line about the passport trial resulting in the conviction of three of Rubens’ henchmen.

The Rubens ring has been disrupted. Other such rings have been forced deeper underground. Although hundreds of American boots are still on the feet of Stalin’s agents, production undoubtedly has fallen off. The Department of Justice apparently has not delved into the question of the passport-makers’ political affiliations. The State Department has conducted a fuller investigation and is in possession of rich data concerning Communist Party connections with Stalin’s passport mill. For diplomatic reasons, presumably, these data gather dust in the files of the State Department building in Washington.

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE RACKET

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

WERE you ever hauled up before a justice of the peace? If not, you probably will be someday. Sooner or later most Americans meet the squire and hear him drone "— and costs!"

The squire and his twin, the police magistrate, do more business than all other judges combined. The great bulk of minor civil and criminal litigation in our rural and suburban districts flows through them. Thus "petty" justice is administered throughout the United States by men untrained in the law, in makeshift courtrooms, without supervision, and with every inducement for exploitation, oppression, and fraud.

The system has been denounced again and again, by bar associations, the American Judicature Society, and commissions on criminal justice. Two states have lately taken steps to set up better courts. But the country at large is indifferent. To most people, the "J.P." is a comic figure or a lovable old philosopher or a little of both. Serious investigation, however,

proves that the majority are neither amusing nor quaint.

The state sets the squire up in the business of dispensing justice by the piece. He parcels it out at fixed prices, quaintly known as "costs," which go into the pockets of the justice and the constable. In most states it is the only way these worthies have of getting paid.

In criminal cases under this system, it is always better business for the squire to find the defendant guilty and squeeze the costs out of him than to let him go and try to collect from the county. Everything is arranged so that the expense of administering justice will fall on the defendants instead of the public. Some states offer a bonus of higher costs for convictions than for acquittals; others go farther and say that a magistrate is not entitled to any costs unless he convicts the defendant, though the Supreme Court held this unconstitutional. In civil cases the situation is much the same. To induce plaintiffs to file suits before

him the squire often agrees not to charge any costs unless he can get them out of the defendant. The time-worn wisecrack about J.P. meaning "judgment for the plaintiff" has been confirmed by surveys. In certain Tennessee counties judgment was entered for the plaintiff in 98.3 per cent of 25,088 cases. In six Michigan counties the defendant was found guilty in 95 per cent of the criminal and 99.2 per cent of the civil cases. A Mississippi survey revealed much the same percentage.

The squire does as much paper work as he possibly can: complaint, 50¢; warrant, 50¢; docket entry, 25¢; entering judgment, 50¢, and so on up to a hundred or more items. In ruthless hands those modest fees may add up to totals exceeding the amount involved in a case. A member of the West Virginia bar reports that in one civil suit a justice collected from a laborer not only the \$9 debt but \$19 in costs besides. A study of justice courts in Hamilton County, Ohio, charged that on a \$4.89 milk bill the costs were \$8.20; on a \$10 claim for rent, \$16; and on the attachment of a car for a \$7.50 debt, \$33.10.

The number of justices in most states far exceeds the actual need. New York has about 3600; Ohio

2400; Illinois 3500; Tennessee 2800; Wisconsin 2500; and North Carolina 5000. The majority don't make enough from their office to buy bread and butter, but for those who play the game the rewards are substantial and sometimes handsome. In less than thirteen months one squire in Ohio took in \$4553 from a single traffic light.

Competition in most places is so keen that the wide-awake justice must have "feeders." A common arrangement is the collection of accounts for business firms, on a commission basis running from 10 to 50 per cent, plus costs. If the squire doesn't collect from the defendant, he gets nothing. The Justice of the Peace thus becomes an active and interested agent for the plaintiff.

The parties to such alliances say that no harm is done because the defendants really owe the money, but the temptation is constant to make the defendant pay regardless of legal rules. Writs tie up wages; property legally exempt is attached; defendants who owe nothing are badgered with suits — so it goes. Two Maryland justices entered judgments aggregating \$127,836 and \$2348.10 in costs against a group of defendants who had never had any dealings with the plaintiff.

II

The criminal trade, even more than the civil, depends on the squire's connections. Constables, deputy sheriffs, and highway police take their prisoners to the justice who plays ball. Such justices will, of course, lend a friendly ear when party headquarters telephones. This, however, is not nearly so devastating or widespread as blackmail and extortion. The formula is always the same — "Pay up, or else. . . ." "Before turning the warrant over to my constable," the squire writes, "I am giving you this chance to come in and settle." Faced with a fine or jail, the victim pays — and the squire gets his cut.

Officers in cahoots with the squire pick up vagrants, drunks, gamblers, unlicensed hunters, fishermen, dog owners, roadside petters, and speeders. Fines are measured by how much the squire thinks he can get; not by the gravity of the offense. The biggest returns come through such operations as the time-honored Saturday night round-up in which dozens are booked as drunk and disorderly, resisting an officer, or whatever. If the prisoner calls for a lawyer, the J.P. puts his case over for a week and orders him locked up unless he furnishes bail. If he wants

to give bond, the squire obligingly calls in a shark who will do the job for an exorbitant commission. Another good old custom is locking up itinerant strangers for vagrancy. The idea is to extract costs from them, or if they haven't money to send them to jail and collect the costs from the county.

Speed traps are, of course, the most familiar of the shakedown devices. Just what the demarcation is between reasonable traffic control and racketeering is sometimes hard to say, but the mulcting of motorists for income purposes is hard for squires to resist. It is especially prevalent in Connecticut, Illinois, Ohio, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, and New York, according to motor club officers, who are this year increasing their efforts to put crooked magistrates out of business. Last year five officials of the little village of Dixmoor, near Chicago, were convicted on charges growing out of the operation of a speed trap. The fines were supposed to go into the road-and-bridge fund but were paid out in salaries. "My cops have to make at least ten pinches a day," said the justice. "That's how we eat!" They ate well.

Of course thousands of honest and competent justices carry on their duties today with the full respect and support of their com-

munities. But while there is a growing tendency near our big cities to choose lawyers to serve as justices, we find laymen in the majority the country over. And there untrained J.P.'s are left unsupervised, without regular courtrooms or clerical help. The squire's courtroom is frequently the living-room, kitchen, or basement of his own home.

Further, statutory requirements, if any, for keeping records are loosely enforced. Consequently the squire gets careless about docketing cases. In Ohio the proportion not docketed is said to run to 90 per cent in some sections. In Hamilton County two magistrates failed to make a single entry in the course of a year.

Fines collected in cases not docketed usually stay in the squire's pocket, and state and county governments lose enormous sums. West Virginia forced one justice to surrender \$8000 he had salted away in less than a year. Five others were caught and resigned. Another disappeared. The district attorney of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, recently sent several magistrates to jail and removed others for faking cases and padding accounts.

The justice courts could have been wiped out long ago if the public had cared. They were abolished in most big cities but reform stopped at the city limits. Some prosperous towns and villages have put their magistrates on salaries and furnished them with courtrooms. But this still leaves the courts isolated judicial units. A solution to the problem would be the abolition of the squire's office and the creation of a new court, as an integral part of the state judicial system. But usually this is impossible without difficult constitutional changes. An alternative would be to set up an efficient minor court system concurrent with that of the J.P. and, at the same time, reduce the J.P.'s powers — thus drawing his business away until he fades out of the picture. In 1936 the Virginia assembly did this. The Indiana legislature passed a somewhat similar act this year. It is too soon to evaluate these efforts, but they indicate the general trend.

But in the meantime — until the trend really takes hold — countless Americans are at the mercy of an outmoded court system and its most vicious manifestation — the Justice of the Peace.

LITTLE FAMILY

A Story

BY NANCY HALE

THERE was no hair growing on his chest. He noticed it, suddenly, as he buttoned his shirt before the mirror; he had taken a bath right after his lunch at the corner, and put on clean underclothes and this clean, white shirt, to be ready to go over and get them at the hospital at three. He had hoped the hot bath would quiet his tension somewhat, and it did. Now he was only exalted; he had stopped trembling. His wife, his *wife*, and his son were coming home from the hospital. His wife and his *son* . . . but there was no hair growing on his chest. He hadn't noticed that, or thought of it, since he was studying at college instead of teaching, and used to wonder when it would begin to grow.

But now he knew it didn't matter. There were Polynesians and Orientals who never grew any hair there, and North American Indians. And there was his son, his own offspring, the fruit of his loins, to prove him incontrovertibly a man.

There was Andrea, who had been impregnated with his seed, who had brought forth his son. Bernard shivered quickly, thinking of it. That woman, his wife — that big, lovely, soft woman — had been made pregnant, had swollen with fertility, because of something he had done to her. It made him feel dizzy with maleness. There was that absolute fact. He had done something all male to her, conquered her femaleness, made her into the receptacle and producer of his son. . . .

The exaltation held, like a trance. He went out of the apartment and down the narrow stairs. The car he had borrowed from Pete Stevens, who taught Economics, stood there at the curb, and he got in and started down to the hospital. He was so very aware of himself. He felt his man's hands controlling the wheel, his man's legs on the clutch and brake. Never before in his life had he had this awareness of himself; the upper-

most figure in his consciousness had always been somebody else — his mother; Andrea. All his life woman, femaleness, had been so overpowering to him. The women that concerned him seemed so big, so inscrutable, so strong; their softness absorbed all his nervous energy; they were like great, deep beds against which he hurled his tenseness. Now he was strong. He had beaten Andrea, whom he loved, as surely as if he had flogged her with a whip and then comforted her pain with his confident, pitying kisses. He had made her big with child, he thought; he had made her labor to bring forth his son. Now he loved her more than ever. He had loved her because she was beautiful, because her flesh was so ripe, because he could not help himself. Now he adored her because he was stronger than she was.

He parked the car as near as possible to the hospital entrance, so that she would not have to walk far. He gave the car door a careless slam and walked down the paving to the entrance; past the reception room. But even now he did not want to look into the reception room. He did not want to remember that night he had spent there, while his son was being born, before he had grown up to this confidence, this manhood. He did not want to

see the picture of himself then, the way he had taken hold of the doctor's arm or those tears. That was all over. There was a new life, with him as a father and a husband.

II

A nurse came hurrying out of Andrea's room with bundles piled up in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Gradeloe. Here you are. Just in time to take these bundles out to the car. We're almost ready to leave. We're getting our clothes on now. You may come in in just a little while."

Bernard was able to look at the woman and smile amiably and walk past her into the room. His own wife's room, his own wife dressing.

"Bernard! You made me jump. Dear, I'm not dressed yet. You can come in for just a minute. . . ."

She was sitting down in front of the bureau, putting up her long, light hair. She had a flesh-colored slip that had lace around the top, next to her soft, round arms and her back and breast. His breath caught in his throat but he walked across the room and bent and kissed the top of her arm.

"Bernard!" She laughed, and sounded surprised. She looked up at him, her hands twisted in the hair she held on top of her head.

He enjoyed seeing her perplexity, her slight confusion. She did not know yet that her life, their life, was going to be keyed differently than it used to be. He was on top. The man was on top. In all relations between the sexes that was the proper alignment, and when it was not in effect, there was something wrong, somebody suffered. He had suffered. He sat down in the hospital armchair and lit a cigarette. The hand holding the match shook a little, but that did not matter any more.

Andrea stood up to put on her dress, and he leaned back, looking at her from her head down to her feet. She was as tall as he was — very tall — but heavier, as a woman should be, with deep, soft shoulders, full arms, big, tapering thighs and calves. Her face was young and all female; he was glad she had not cut her hair now, although once its length and thickness had obscurely frightened him. There was something powerful about hair, but he had conquered that, along with the rest of her. She was his wife.

"Is there an ashtray in here?" he asked.

"Right there, on the table."

"I can't reach it," he said idly.

Andrea stared at him. Then, as he had known she would, she went

slowly across and got it for him. It wouldn't hurt her, he thought quickly in explanation to something that stirred inside him, to walk those few steps, even if she was just out of bed. He was very happy. His heart sang. He leaned back in his chair and half-shut his eyes and watched his wife put on her hat, her coat. His long, thin legs he thrust out in front of him. The nurse came back into the room, with a blue blanket in her arms that held his son.

Bernard put out his cigarette. He felt his heart pound as he looked at his son in the woman's arms. His son's face was somehow inscrutable, tiny and reddish, absolutely confident. It was full of tiny power. For an instant Bernard wanted to cry, as he had when they had first shown him the baby. His son, his son. The miracle was almost too much. It was all so cataclysmic, so tremendous to him: the fact of conception, of birth, of the existence of this being who was Bernard, who was Andrea. Christ, he thought, Jesus Christ. . . .

III

"I guess we're all ready, we can go now, if you've . . . ah . . . attended to the business at the desk," the nurse said. Bernard nodded.

They trooped out of the room, first the nurse in her coat and hat bearing his son, then Andrea, then himself carrying Andrea's bag, the bag that he had carried in such frenzy on that night two weeks ago, when it had all begun. . . . It mustn't ever be like that again, ever, ever. Why was he so tense again, why had his mind begun to cry over and over again in such desperation: They're mine, I am the father, they're mine. . . .

But a slow tide, like a great wave spreading deeply, inevitably, swept up in him. There was something about this. There was something tremendous and overwhelming, primeval, in this procession of which he was part. The mother. The child she had borne. The nurse of the child. And himself. He felt shrinking, and fought against it, in the panic of something caught in a web. He was getting this wrong, he was feeling it wrong; he couldn't help it. But he must help it.

But they walked on, so slowly, so terribly, the tall, full figure of the mother, the nurse bearing that tiny, tremendous body of the newborn. This was his family. These were the people for whom he must care, whom he must feed, comfort, give support to always. His wife. His child. They walked on toward the car that he had parked in

confidence and freedom. His wife, the mother of his child: Andrea, with her big soft body, her long fair hair. Suddenly he knew that he would impregnate her again, give her another child as he had this one, but now it was not in power that he thought it, but with a kind of panic. It was as if that act he saw before him were a draining away of his strength, giving his manhood to her who was so strong and fertile. Now he felt like a poor imprisoned thing who must give itself again and again to its omnivorous possessor. He found himself trembling.

He must not think on themes like these. He must remember what was fact. He must be realistic, for he was the man, the male, the active factor, the aggressor. It had to be that way, by nature.

He watched them getting into the car before he got in himself. The nurse climbed in back and settled herself with the baby on her lap. Andrea got in beside the driver's seat. Bernard put the suitcase behind the front seat; he was breathing as if he had been running. . . . This is my family. The words ripped through his mind, and pounded. This is my family, my own, my family. What was it that was so shattering in those words? My family.

He got in beside Andrea and fumbled with the ignition. He got the car started, and they moved out of the parking place. He glanced once at Andrea's profile beside him, but it was absolutely calm, absolutely confident. There was no fear in women. There was no panic in women. They were the takers, the possessors, the deep soft beds against which a man might hurl his trembling passion, his terror, forever and ever. And they would still be there, deep and soft and eternal.

He wanted to light a cigarette.

It was the only thing he could think of outside his panic. But his hand would not move away from the wheel. He had to grip it tight to still the terrible shaking that would be in them if he moved. Suddenly everything blurred and the store buildings on either side of the street toppled as if they would fall.

"You've got to drive," he said, and his voice was hoarse and unfamiliar. "I know . . . I know . . . but I just can't drive. Here, you take it. . . ."

FOOD FOR SCANDAL

BY HARRY ELMORE HURD

A FLEDGLING robin is not hay or grass —
 Which means in Yankee he will neither pass
 For thrush nor robin. Being two in one —
 Yet neither one of two combined — might run
 To scandal. Being neither fowl nor fish
 Is normal up our way but one might wish,
 With some consistency, that he might be
 All of one, or neither. Pedigree
 Is something permanent through which the past
 Invades the present: a streak of thrush will cast
 A slur which raises questions hard to solve.
 A lesser variation might involve
 Grave doubts. Why should a robin's son be thrush?
 A query apt to make his mother blush
 Or make his father angry. Blood will out!
 A whisper, multiplied, becomes a shout.
 There must be something in his family tree
 That is not daylight ornithology.

THE MAN WHO STARTED THE WAR

BY VLADIMIR LEBEDEF

Exactly a quarter of a century ago, on June 28, 1914, a revolver shot in a Serbian town started a war. Endless volumes have been written about that war — almost nothing about the man who fired the shot.

Vidov Dan, or St. Vitus Day, June 28th, is the most important national holiday for patriotic Serbians. It was on that day in the year 1389 that Milosha Obilitch assassinated Sultan Murad, Turkish conqueror of Serbia. And it was *Vidov Dan* in 1914 — 525 years after the assassination — which was chosen by another conqueror, Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, Heir Apparent to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for a triumphal entry into the little Balkan town of Serajevo.

The Archduke was the leader of the Austro-Hungarian military party. Shortly before he had entertained Kaiser Wilhelm II in his palace at Konopishta. The nature of the negotiations between the Emperor and the Emperor-to-be has remained a mystery, but the

fact of their meeting set Europe on edge. The Archduke was now entering the Balkan town after supervising maneuvers of the Austrian Army in the vicinity of the Serbian border, near Serajevo. Beside him in the royal automobile was his morganatic wife, Countess Sophia Hotek, daughter of an impoverished Czech nobleman. This journey was her first public appearance with her husband, and a personal triumph for her: a token of victory over those who argued her right to become Empress of Austria. Nevertheless, she was worried.

The royal car sped along the embankment of the Milyatska, a mountain stream which in the preceding days had swelled into a turbulent river, cutting the town in two. The sun was bright, and added lustre to the all-white ensemble of the Countess and the brilliant military uniform of the Archduke. . . . Suddenly a bomb was hurled into the automobile by someone in the crowd on the sidewalk along the river bank. The Archduke quickly picked it up and

threw it back to the sidewalk, where it exploded with a deafening roar. The automobile went on, never stopping. The would-be assassin, a very young man, quickly swallowed a dose of cyanide and jumped into the river. The poison failed to work, and the young man later identified himself as Nedelko Tchabrinovitch.

Three minutes after this episode, the royal guests pulled up in front of the Serajevo City Hall and the ceremonial reception began. But the Archduke was in no mood for oratory. He interrupted the Mayor's speech with the brusque remark, "Serajevo is full of cut-throats." The ceremony was terminated, and the Archduke expressed a desire to call on his adjutant, who had been wounded in the explosion.

The terrified Chief of Police forgot to inform his chauffeur that the route had been altered, and the procession therefore proceeded along the old route. Recalling the new arrangements as his car was turning from the embankment to the main street, the chief suddenly jumped out and motioned to the Archduke's chauffeur to go back. In the confusion the royal car came to a sudden stop, and another youth ran up to the Archduke's car and fired a revolver at him

point-blank. The Archduke fell. The youth fired again, at the hated General Potiorek, Viceroy of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but as the Countess moved to bend over her husband she caught the bullet and fell dead.

The assassin was instantly seized by the police, before he could pull the fuse of the bomb that was to blow him to bits. His name was Gavrilo Prinzip. He didn't guess that his revolver shots had blown up the world.

The real organizer of the Serajevo assassination was a 24-year-old school teacher, Daniel Ilyitch. He had formed the conspiracy as soon as he learned of the maneuvers, and of the Archduke's scheduled presence near the town. All the plotters were members of the Young Bosnia Society, whose membership included Mussulman rebels, orthodox Christian Serbs, and Roman Catholic Horvaths. The Society was a national enterprise, irrespective of religious differences. The teacher honored five young men by selecting them for the terrorist act, and among them were Prinzip and Tchabrinovitch.

Prinzip was a calm, taciturn fellow; strong, stocky, short in stature, built as though molded of one piece of steel. In Ilyitch's

home, where the conspirators met, they discussed agrarian reform, self-determination for small nations, the philosophy of Nietzsche, the poetry of Heredia. On June 27th the plotters met at a small inn for a last supper. Each of the five was assigned his place on the Archduke's route. The swarthy Prinzip, his eyes shining, listened and said nothing. He sensed that the fatal stroke would be his.

After the shooting came mass arrests, tortures, beatings, and a *pogrom* on Serbian homes and shops in Serajevo. With the outbreak of the World War, a month later, Bosnia and Herzegovina became a forest of gallows. Ilyitch, Tchabrinovitch, Prinzip, and their friends were placed on trial in Serajevo while the country was on the first rampage of war hysteria. Because it was proved that he was 15 days less than 20, the age of maturity at which men could be executed in pre-war Austria-Hungary, Prinzip escaped hanging, as did Tchabrinovitch and other minors. The rest — the schoolteacher, and others — were hanged in the courtyard of the Serajevo barracks.

But Gavrilo Prinzip, the man who started the War, was forgotten in the stress of momentous events. He and Tchabrinovitch were locked up for life in the Theresienstadt

Fortress. They would have preferred a quick death before the firing squad, for in prison they died slowly, their vigorous bodies undermined by the dampness of stone cells. Both became tubercular and both died before the liberation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, for which they had plotted. Prinzip, indeed, passed away on the very eve of the Armistice that brought to an end the War he had precipitated.

Gavrilo Prinzip was a symbol of rampant nationalism. At the time he fired his shots, Lenin was a fugitive in Austria, Stalin a prisoner in Siberia, Hitler an unemployed young fellow tramping the streets of Munich, Mussolini a socialist editor and Left-wing demagog. The fruits of that nationalism were maturing in the womb of time. After the shots were fired a German professor exclaimed in astonishment, "Who knocked Tacitus out of the hands of this schoolboy and replaced it with a loaded revolver?"

II

I, too, wondered about this schoolboy. Who was he? What made him? I read every scrap of available material about him — diplomatic correspondence, police depositions, court reports, the

reminiscences of participants in that terrorist act, of eye-witnesses, friends, and enemies. I read learned books and superficial novels. I spent years in the place where he was born and brought up, where he studied and dreamed his dreams of national liberation. I talked with cabinet ministers and peasants, with cardinals and humble parishioners, with revolutionary conspirators and with the king of his country. I lived with Gavrilo's parents — illiterate peasants in a forsaken hamlet — and for many months I lived in Serajevo, capital of Bosnia and Herzegovina, town of four religions and four civilizations, where Prinzip began to think for himself. In endless talks with his friends, I resurrected his thoughts, his loves, his hates, and before long I came to know Prinzip in the flesh as well as Prinzip the symbol.

The boy's short life was an expression of the elemental upheaval of the Serbian peasantry throughout the nation's history. He epitomized the urge to liberty of all the Slavic nations. Nor has he ceased to exist: the deeper the incursions of German and Italian imperialism, the more luminous the star of Gavrilo Prinzip is sure to grow in the Slavic world.

Gavrilo may have been born on June 13, 1894, in the village of

Velikki Obljai, but in a larger sense he was born on June 28, 1389 — the day when, on the Plain of Kossovo, the Serbian King Lazarus fell in battle against the armies of Sultan Murad. The independence of the Serbian nation died with Lazarus, but the same day witnessed also the death of Murad. This is the way Murad's successor, Sultan Bayezid, described Murad's death:

By the will of Allah, after the victory and triumph at Kossovo, (the Sultan) returned unharmed to his tent, which was like unto the firmament of heaven . . . But suddenly a vile and contemptible infidel, by name Milosha Kobilitch, having saluted a certain victor of high rank, declared to him with deceit aforethought: "I have now embraced Islam," and requested permission to approach the presence of His Majesty the Sultan, in order to render homage to Him. When for mercy's sake the accursed one was admitted, he made ready to kiss the foot of the ever-conquering Sultan and in that very instant, without a trace of hesitation, pulled a poisoned dagger out of his sleeve and plunged it into the delicate element, inflicting such a wound and such havoc that he intoxicated Him with the sweet draught of martyrdom . . . As soon as the aforementioned villain attempted to flee from the bodyguards, who were as numerous as the stars, they gave chase, seized him and chopped him to pieces . . .

Thus Milosha Kobilitch — Obilitch, in Serbian pronunciation — entered history as Serbia's greatest

hero, and June 28th, the day of defeat and vengeance, became a Serbian national holiday. Milosha Obilitch's name became wrapped in legend. The Serbian people told folk tales about him and sang songs in his honor. Cultural organizations were named after him, as well as schools, choral societies, streets, and city squares. His name became the flesh and blood of all Serbians. It became, too, the inspiration of young Prinzip. He grew up in the forsaken mountain hamlet to the tune of tales about the former greatness, unity, and freedom of Serbia. Milosha Obilitch fused with the image of St. George the Triumvir, the patron saint of the Prinzips, St. George the Dragon Slayer. The Serbian word for dragon is *azhdaiyu*. The day before he killed Franz-Ferdinand, Gavrilo said to his younger brother, "The *azhdaiyu* must be slain!"

Gavrilo was brought up in the tradition of the Serbian Rebellion of 1876 which precipitated the Russo-Turkish War. At the Congress of Berlin, following this war, in the summer of 1878 an independent Serbian kingdom was established. When its ruler, King Milan I, proved despotic and immoral, the people forced him to convoke a national assembly, which

drew up a new constitution in 1889. Milan abdicated, in favor of his son, Alexander, who suspended the constitution; the nation then recalled Milan from exile. Finally Alexander again succeeded Milan and reigned until his assassination in 1903.

III

Prinzip's world was filled with the ghosts of these historic events. His birthplace, Velikii Obljai, had its church demolished by the Turks, its graves of champions of national freedom, and numerous survivors of the dogged and vigilant struggle for a people's liberation.

As a schoolboy, Gavrilo read on a street-corner in Serajevo the royal decree signed by Emperor Francis-Joseph, which proclaimed the definitive annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. That decree crushed Serbian hopes and almost precipitated a general European war. And it started an underground movement to nullify the annexation among the student-youth of peasant origin. Six years later, standing *on the same corner where he had first read this proclamation*, Prinzip shot Archduke Franz-Ferdinand. Coincidence? Or the profound symbolism of history?

From 1908 on, a wave of terrorism swept the Empire. The intensive

struggle against the Hapsburg Monarchy was carried on not only by the Young Bosnians, but by all the Slavs of the Empire — Serbs, Horvaths, Czechs, Slovaks, Ukrainians, Poles. The Balkan War of 1912, when the joint forces of Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Greece and Rumania delivered a smashing blow to Turkey, aroused the Slav subjects of the Twin Monarchy more than ever, but particularly the masses of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Prinzip tried to join the army but was too young.

Although the First Balkan War did not secure the liberation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it did sharpen in the masses an awareness of the unfairness of their national lot. The Hapsburg government persecuted every manifestation of Serbianism.

Such was the historical situation at the time Gavrilo Prinzip fired his shots, and it alone explains his act. He and his friends personified the elemental nationalism of their fellow-Serbians. In a larger sense, every Serbian was a member of the "conspiracy." Time has given Prinzip a place as national hero alongside Milosha Obilitch.

At the Kossevo cemetery in Serajevo is an unpretentious marble tomb that contains the remains of Prinzip and his friends — those

who had died slowly in the Theresienstadt Fortress, as well as those who had been hanged. Prinzip lies in the middle, his friends on either side of him. Many of them were simple peasants. Their bodies were brought to this final resting place from various cemeteries throughout the land, and the arrival of each new corpse was accompanied by fervent ceremonials.

Here every year on *Vidov Dan*, on June 28th, congregate long processions of pilgrims — young and old, and peasants, peasants, peasants without end. Beside the tomb sits an old peasant woman, clad in black. She is the mother of the schoolteacher Ilyitch. She sits in silence. The pilgrims pass and kiss her hand. Five years ago I witnessed this ceremonial and myself saw more than fifty thousand peasants pass.

At the street corner in Serajevo where Gavrilo Prinzip drew his revolver is a marble plaque, with these words in golden letters:

IN THIS HISTORIC PLACE
GAVRILO PRINZIP
PROCLAIMED LIBERTY
ON ST. VITUS DAY, JUNE 28, 1914

The fascist invaders can remove this marble plaque, but its simple message lives in the hearts of Gavrilo Prinzip's countrymen. To them Gavrilo Prinzip is the antithesis of national oppression.

- *The four branches of our government are
Legislative, Executive, Judicial, and Lobby.*

LOBBYISTS MUST LIVE

By J. FREDERICK ESSARY

THE Lobby — often referred to more elegantly as “the pressure groups” — is today the second largest industry in the Capital, with an aggregate payroll exceeded only by that of the Government. It has become a fixed part of the machinery of our Republic, to be reckoned with in casting up the balance for pending legislation or changing policies. The number of national, international, and foreign propaganda organizations in Washington runs into the hundreds, and new ones are hatching out continually. Besides, there are the teeming “one-man lobbies,” representing one or a score of clients with axes to grind at headquarters. Every defeated Congressman loath to exchange Washington for humdrum existence back home is a potential lobbyist. Ditto former Cabinet officers, an occasional secretary to a former President, left-overs from the upper-bracket NRA officials. The city is full of them.

There are times of stress — when a tax or tariff bill is on the

agenda; when Congress is about to convene; when a trade treaty is in the making — that bring the agents in droves. They encamp with us awhile, and pass on. These peak visitations, however, are secondary. The lobbies which really count, enriching our city and cherished by local business interests, are those that come to entrench themselves and stay. And the lame-duck politicians trading accumulated official friendships, real or imaginary, for a lobbyist's living.

As individuals, the lobbyists may covet Contacts and Big Connections. But as a group they strive hard to achieve invisibility. For long periods they do attain this blessed condition — then suddenly something happens to remind us forcibly that the industrious fellows have been hard at work all the time. Recently our Secretary of State did the reminding. Speaking before the Senate Committee on Finance, Mr. Hull uttered these indignant sentiments:

To have this city swarming with lobbyists who hang onto our flanks, and

on everybody's flanks, by telegrams and communications, is a matter of serious concern!

Swarming with lobbyists? Washington always is. It merely takes some act of excess zeal on the operators' part, or the flare-up of an official thwarted on some pet project, to heighten visibility for what is obvious always.

It is easy to take the measure of most lobby groups — for example the organizations of farmers, labor, veterans, manufacturers, railroads, coal producers, oil operators, or liquor interests. They can boast of legislative triumphs by the score, of policies they have shaped and executive acts they have inspired. Among these are the creation of one Cabinet office, the ratification of three Amendments to the Constitution, and the establishment of such agencies as the NLRB, Farm Credit Administration, Maritime Labor Board, Wage and Hour Administration, countless others. The number of these influential lobbies is hard to estimate, for they come and go like the Arabs, but a short list of some of the more important and stable ones conveys their infinite variety:

American Bankers Association, American Railway Association, American Institute of Meat Packers, American Mining Congress, American Coal Distributors Association, American

Communications Association, American Federation of Housing Authorities, American Federation of Investors, American Federation of Little Business, American Gas Association, American Retail Federation, American Sugar Cane League, Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Margarine Manufacturers, National Builders Association, National Canners Association, United States Chamber of Commerce, National Coal Association, National Farm Loan Association, National Fertilizer Association, National Sand Association, National Oil Marketers Association, National Paving Brick Association, National Petroleum Association, National Association of Manufacturers, National Association of Retail Druggists, National Electric Light Association, National Lumber Manufacturers Association, National Petroleum Association, Short Line Railway Association, and the Retail Merchants Association.

No implication of opprobrium is implied in such a listing. The system is taken for granted. Legislators and Government departments turn to such organizations for information. There are, however, other groups scattered around Washington whose activities are not so easily accounted for. Their origin, their angels, and their guiding minds have long remained one of our fascinating mysteries. Some of them, obviously, are harmless, but still their presence is a bit mystifying. . . .

Without derogating their patriotism, objectives, or importance, one may wonder why Organized

Women, for example, still beleaguer Washington, now that they have the vote and about all the "rights" accorded the rest of us. What are the ladies after, that drives them to organizations such as these:

American Association of University Women, American Home Economics Association, American Nurses Association, Council of Women for Home Missions, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Girls Friendly Society in America, Medical Women of the American Institute of Homeopathy, Medical Women's National Association, National Association of Colored Women, National Association of Deans of Women, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, National Consumers League, National Council of Jewish Women, National Council of Women, Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, League of Women Voters, National Women's Trade Union League, League of American Pen Women, National Red Cross Nurses, Policewomen's Association, Catholic Daughters of America, Daughters of the American Revolution, Colonial Dames, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and the Federated Farm Women of America.

What, then, do all these associations and leagues and alliances and groups do, once they are planted in Washington? Lobby for legislation? Yes — when it is in order. Deal directly with the functionaries who regulate or supervise or otherwise dominate them? Yes — daily and hourly. Plead for favors, special privileges, contracts,

trade advantages? Of course — whenever and wherever there is the opportunity. Cultivate pleasant and profitable relations with legislators and officials? Exactly that — in season and out.

The practices of "group representations" in Washington have become a fine art. The right to petition Congress for redress of grievances — a right vouchsafed by the Constitution — is invoked, assuring a certain respectability. Having established their status as petitioners, the lobbyists put forward their legislative agents at hearings before Congressional committees, then bring on their witnesses — often in droves.

But looking over the current crop of propaganda groups, there are many that seem to have little or nothing to do with the Government; their only function would seem to be publicity. Where, for example, would Congress touch elbows with the Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, with the Lead Pencil Institute, the League for the Larger Life, the American Institute of Home Grown Fats, or others like them which have operated permanently or intermittently for years? These organizations hammer, chiefly at press publicity — and they get it, for there are almost five hundred

news correspondents in Washington whose jobs are considerably lightened by the piles of releases prepared by propaganda groups. The publicity, too, gives the propaganda boys something tangible to show the folks who foot the bills.

II

The old button-holing, money-passing methods of promoting legislation or executive action have gone. The lobby has reformed. It has become more scientific, more refined, better directed, and less suspiciously clothed. It works in the open, in the light of day, parading as legitimate propaganda. It represents, or presumes to represent, voluntary organizations of patriotic men and women, devoted solely to the public.

The effective lobbyist no longer works through the back door. The pirate who played the game in the old days has been displaced by the skilled and earnest legislative agent. There were days when sumptuous dinners were the order; when wine, women, and legislation were well-mixed; when it was not too dangerous to dangle gold before the eyes of a legislator or market tips or real-estate divisions or a split on a stock issue. A few bunglers still operate on these old lines, but not

many. Since Albert B. Fall went to jail, bribing has not been so safe in Washington.

Relatively few organizations concentrate upon Congress. Most of them do business with some agency of the executive department, which agencies have multiplied more rapidly under the Roosevelt regime than in any similar period of peace. And the Government, taking that organism by and large, does not frown upon the national propaganda organizations. Once in a while, of course, Congress piously pillories the lobby and drives it to cover. Or a Hull may let go a blast. Also we have observed the President petard-hoisting the pseudo-lawyers of his own party and dashing them from their berths as National Committeemen. But spasms like this pass quickly, and the old fellowship between the lobbyist and the lobbied is restored. These outbursts of hostility do not greatly disturb the lobbyists. Certainly they never dislodge them. As for the lobby investigations of the past twenty years, nothing tangible in the line of regulation or reform has come. The probes have uncovered a mass of interesting information; they have destroyed the reputations of a number of public men; they have placed many others under direct suspicion; they revealed

that certain interests were behind this or that piece of legislation; they revealed the inside working of some of the more conspicuous lobbies, and put many organizations under a cloud.

All this has been accomplished, but little else. Rarely has a paragraph of law been proposed to curb the lobby, and none has been enacted. There is no restraint upon the practitioner, except that which simple discretion dictates. There are no legal handicaps to hamper him.

There is not even a system of lobby registration in Washington, such as prevails in some of the state capitals; that is, a system under which every lobbyist formally "enters an appearance" by registering his name, the name of his client, and indicates the particular legislation in which he may be interested. The lobbyist in Washington enjoys extraordinary freedom, extraordinary opportunity to do his work, and a degree of respectability not accorded him elsewhere in the country.



LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

I and all other Bund members will fight on the side of the United States in case of a European war, even in the event that we have to fight against our native country of Germany.

— Fritz Kuhn, as reported in the *New York Times*.

Members of the Communist Party will fight for American democracy even against the Soviet Union, if that eventuality should ever arise.

— Earl Browder, testifying before a committee of the New York State Legislature.



Those of us working in close contact with Hitler know that he is the most exquisite connoisseur of art who has ever stood at the head of a great nation.

— Oberpräsident Kube in the *Prager Presse*.

It is impossible to have a proper understanding of science, literature, politics, art or music without first having read the works of Comrade Stalin.

— Letter in *Pravda*, January 15.

FINGERPRINTS CAN BE FORGED

BY JACK CALLAHAN

THE subject of fingerprints and their reliability as identification evidence may soon be of more direct concern to the average American than he now suspects. It looks as though J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, will succeed in putting through a compulsory fingerprinting law. Among recent converts to this scheme are President Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner. The projected law rests, of course, on the assumption that fingerprints always tell the truth. But fingerprints can lie and do lie — I know they lie, because they lied on me. But I am no longer alone in proclaiming this fact. Though the general public seems unaware of it, the experts have at last begun to admit the danger of fingerprint forgeries.

In 1904, at the age of 19, I was convicted of a crime of which I was innocent, in a U. S. Court at Raleigh, North Carolina, on the testimony of a fingerprint expert who swore that he found my prints on the door of a safe that had been

burglarized. Yet I was seventy-five miles away, in Virginia, at the time of the burglary. This started me on a career of crime. Then one day, after twenty-odd years of bank burgling, I ditched my tools for a typewriter and became a magazine writer and newspaper reporter, covering trials and investigating murders. Information about fingerprints and fingerprint experts was inevitably of special interest to me and I have gathered enough to make me dubious of conviction based on their evidence.

From 1913 to 1933, the fingerprint experts of this country stubbornly refused to admit that fingerprints could be forged. Now most of them think differently. Capt. C. D. Lee of the Berkeley, California, police recently said, "Fingerprint experts have come to realize that fingerprints can be forged"; and his superior, Chief August Vollmer, added, "The criminal who wishes to cover up his crime will now be able to leave the fingerprints of another around the place he works and thus

throw suspicion on an innocent man."

What, then, brought about this change of viewpoint? The answer is — blunders. In the twenty years from 1913 to 1933, the experts committed blunders which brought them considerable unpleasant notoriety and made them stop and think about the fallibility of fingerprints. Let's look at a few outstanding cases:

Everyone recalls the Hall-Mills case, for which Willie Stevens was arrested. A calling card found on the scene of the murders was turned over to two of the ablest fingerprint experts in the nation. These men swore that they found Stevens' prints on the card. But when the case was tried three other equally well known experts contradicted them. Willie Stevens might have gone to the chair if it had not been for the testimony of the second set of experts.

As it was, he beat the chair by a mile, but Charles Schrope and Robert Loomis, convicted in 1924 of the murder of Bertha Meyers at Easton, Pennsylvania, didn't fare so well. A fingerprint expert swore that he had found their prints on a tin box in the murdered woman's bedroom. Schrope went insane in the death house while awaiting the outcome of his appeal. Loomis was

saved at the last moment when it was proved that the expert had made an incorrect diagnosis.

James Preston, arrested in Los Angeles in 1924, charged with holding up and shooting Mrs. Richard Parsons, also escaped by the skin of his teeth. While recovering in a Los Angeles hospital Mrs. Parsons gave the police "an accurate description" of her assailant, and when Preston was arrested all the newspapers declared that he had been identified by fingerprints found on a window of Mrs. Parsons' home. Mrs. Parsons read these stories and when Preston was brought to her bedside she identified him.

Preston was indicted and convicted, but throughout he maintained his innocence. I quote from the court record:

THE COURT: Despite the fact that your fingerprints were there, and despite the fact that fingerprints are the one infallible identification, still you insist you were not there?

PRESTON: Yes, sir. I'm an innocent man.

THE COURT: Well, the jury did not have that evidence which the court had before it all the time. I suppose the jurors will probably be glad to know the court had the evidence that you were identified by the fingerprint system. . . .

Finally, a sentence of from twenty-two years to life was passed on the defendant.

Nineteen months later the Los Angeles police arrested a burglar known as the Weasel, and, when fingerprinted, they discovered that his prints matched those found on the window of Mrs. Parsons' home. The Weasel was convicted of the crime and Preston received a full pardon. But what would have happened to Preston if the Weasel had *killed* Mrs. Parsons that night?

These are a few of the many cases that made the experts stop and think. Some experts had the evidence impressed on them the hard way. Take the police captain in California who stated publicly "that it would be virtually impossible to ever successfully forge a fingerprint." At that time there was an epidemic of burglaries in the captain's bailiwick, and one night the police found a nice, clear fingerprint on the window of a house that had been entered. They were elated.¹ But when the print was developed and checked the manhunters were horrified to discover that it was the print of their own Chief of Police, *who had not been near the scene after the robbery was discovered*. They were flabbergasted, until a Secret Service agent admitted he had forged the fingerprints as a joke on the Captain. "He had been arguing with me for years," said the agent, "that finger-

prints couldn't be forged and planted at the scene of a crime, so I thought I'd show him *à la Missouri*."

II

How, exactly, are prints forged? It's not difficult if you know how. Here's the way Albert Wehde's *Fingerprints Can Be Forged* describes it:

The first requisite for forgery of fingerprints is of course possession of a genuine print, a simple matter inasmuch as any smooth-faced article cannot be handled without leaving digital marks. These marks may readily be developed and brought into plain view to the naked eye by dusting a powder on them, a powder contrasting in color to the object on which the print has been placed.

The print is then developed with powder on a piece of black japanned tin. A photo of it is taken, the negative being the exact size of the original. Then an etching is made from the negative, preferably on copper. This etching acts as a matrix or die. A piece of moist paper is then forced into the ridges of the etching and, when lifted, is a replica of the fingerprint. This is moistened — by touching it to some part of the human body — and then pressed against a surface. Thus an exact copy of the original print, including every sweat pore, is faked. A similar result, Mr.

Wehde's book says, can be obtained by rubbing a small amount of beeswax and tallow mixture into the etched ridges of the matrix before rubbing the paper into them.

That this really can be done was not generally accepted until 1933, when an inquiring scientist, Professor Harold Cummins, of the Department of Anatomy of Tulane University, went to the mat with the experts and demonstrated beyond question that fingerprints can be forged and that the average expert cannot tell a genuine from a counterfeit print. The details of that demonstration in which "eight experts of long experience and high standing" participated may be found in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*:

The co-operation of these experts was enlisted and they very kindly agreed to report their independent diagnosis of genuine and counterfeit prints submitted to them. A card was prepared bearing a row of four prints of the same digit (a right index finger), two of them being genuine and two counterfeit. The experts were advised that both varieties were represented on the card, but not how many of each; the request was simply to diagnose the origins of the four prints. Three of the experts correctly diagnosed all the prints (though in one case an actually correct identification of a genuine print was marked by the expert in question as

questionable), while five of the observers made one or more errors. Curiously enough, there are more errors in calling genuine prints counterfeit than in the opposite direction. These findings obviously indicate that counterfeit and genuine prints are not infallibly distinguished.

Later two of the experts who spotted the forgeries attributed their success to "pure luck" while the third, Gerald Kuhne, head of the New York City Department of Correction Fingerprinting Bureau, frankly admitted that he was "only guessing."

So what? Well, if genuine and counterfeit prints are not identifiable when examined by the average expert then the old theory that fingerprints found at the scene of crimes can only be left there by the man who owned them has been knocked higher than a kite. Moreover, no man's life or liberty is safe while our courts continue to accept fingerprints as conclusive evidence of guilt. And no man's life or liberty will be worth a plugged nickel when his fingerprints become public property.

Our lawmakers should ponder these facts before yielding to the clamor for a compulsory fingerprinting law.



CAPSULE WISDOM

Epoch-making remarks which bring their perpetrators THE AMERICAN MERCURY'S monthly Stuffed Shirt Awards:

Leslie Hore-Belisha, British War Secretary: "It is not customary for this country to repudiate payments which have been legally contracted."

Grover Whalen: "The New York World's Fair is great enough to open a new period of world history."

Herbert Benjamin, secretary of the Workers' Alliance: "I am unable to see any real difference between the doctrines of the Communist Party and those of the Government of the United States."

J. B. Priestley, English novelist: "People are beginning to feel that we authors are more to be trusted than others."

A. V. Donahey, Senator from Ohio: "It is not wrong to teach other forms of government than ours, but it is wrong to permit radicals to do the teaching."

L. D. Dickinson, Governor of Michigan: "If the Almighty wanted the bony part of a horse's tail six inches shorter, why didn't He make them grow that way?"

Lin Yutang, Chinese author: "The ideal state would be one in which the writers were at the same time the ruling class."

Adolf Hitler: "I place no faith in the words of those who are war-mongers and agitators."

Robert R. Reynolds, Senator from North Carolina: "Germany is the miracle of the century."

Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner: "The world has never before had such an illustration of the power of organization, nor has it ever introduced a greater organizing genius than Grover A. Whalen."

John Barrymore: "Everybody ought to have a whack at marriage. Excepting death, it is the greatest adventure."

► *Memoirs of grandmas being in fashion —
here's one of the lustiest of the lot:*

GRANDMA RUTHANNA, TROUBLEMAKER

BY ISABEL JACKSON

I OFFER you my grandmother, Ruthanna Jackson, who died last August, aged 95. Up to the last she used to say to people, "Don't you think I'm wonderful for a woman of 86?" But we found out her true age after her death, from a family Bible left in Cleveland, when she and my grandfather and their three children went west in the early 'seventies to the life of vex'd Missouri.

She left behind her when she died last summer, a family driven to desperation by her temperament, a supply of delicate silk underwear, and her cook-book. She was a notable cook. There were family dinners on Sundays in the old Independence Boulevard house which can still, in retrospect, make my mouth water. It seems to me now that there are no scalloped oysters, no peach conserve, no mallard duck, no rice pudding like hers. This impression cannot have been merely the product of a ro-year-old child's appetite, for the generation in between, now in its sixties, confirms it. The rice

pudding, in fact, was a forty-four years' issue in my family.

Grandmother Ruthanna was a lady, I suppose. At least she was a snob. When she learned that she must go west with her husband, she wept. "Cleveland is bad enough," she said, "after Ithaca. But *Kansas City!* I can never tell what Rufus will do next. He *almost* put money into the wild-cat schemes of that young Mr. Rockefeller across the street!" My father remembers how she moaned.

Nevertheless, she and Rufus, my grandfather, were to be discovered, in 1873, in a yellow brick house on Independence Boulevard, Kansas City. The neighborhood was a stronghold of Southerners, the Chicks, the Scarritts, the Martys, prosperous people who behaved as though Appomattox had never happened. I asked Ruthanna, sixty-four years after the fact, in 1937, how she, a native of York State, and Rufus, born in Nantucket, happened to settle in this section of the city. "Oh," she

said, "that was easy. The day we arrived, I hired a trap and drove around to the schools, and in the neighborhood where I saw the best-dressed children coming out of school, I made your grandfather buy a house."

It was a big house, and it was always as silent as the grave till noon or after, so that Ruthanna could get her beauty sleep. When the children were not in school, they lived in the back yard, the stable, or the grape arbor. At noon, my Aunt Elsie, the youngest of them, who could move more softly than the boys, used to creep into the kitchen and get them something to eat out of the icebox. She sewed on her brothers' buttons, too, and gathered up their laundry.

By mid-afternoon, Ruthanna would usually pull herself together and, fresh and glowing in her wrapper of moiré or sulphur cloth, would come lolling down the backstairs to make her coconut pie or rice pudding for my doting grandfather's dinner. James, the Negro cook-houseman, used to watch her awestruck. He was never allowed to do much in the kitchen but peel the vegetables and wash the dishes.

Somehow my father grew up and married my mother, and in due course I was born. My first memory

relating to Ruthanna is of my mother's saying, "Not 'Gramma,' 'Mama' Jackson. She doesn't *like* to be called 'Gramma.'" It was all the same to me. "Gramma," "Mama," whoever she was, she gave me good things to eat and told me what pretty eyes I had. "Just the color of mine," she would say. "But I *wish* they'd buy your clothes at Emery Bird's."

She also gave me her special China tea, whenever she could get me away from under my mother's eye. "Nonsense to say it isn't good for you," she told me. "It takes a little lady to appreciate good tea." Then she sighed. "Too bad your father married beneath him." She got up from the tea-table and walked across to the narrow windows with the inside shutters, which gave on the lawn with its lilacs and its bleeding-heart bush. After a moment, she turned back to me. I remember, though I was only 6, how her rose-pink leg-o'-mutton sleeves gleamed in the dark side-parlor. "I can't really blame your father," she said. "I made a mis-step too, when I married. Your grandfather, child, is a descendant of a brother of—Andrew Jackson." She shivered. And to this day the name of Andrew Jackson gives me faint cold chills.

II

My memories of that house, in fact, seem to be compounded of pleasure and faint cold chills. Wonderful Sunday dinners, and fierce, terrifying quarrels, with the menfolk shouting at one another, and my mother and I, wide-eyed, quaking in our chairs. The quarrels usually followed the serving of the rice pudding, its peaked meringue falling lusciously apart under Ruthanna's silver ladle. When she had served her family, she would settle back to enjoy the battle. I have wondered since whether she did not roast her chickens, drench her broiled quail with butter, whip up a marble cake, mold a meringue, each Sunday, solely to drag the various branches of the family into hot weekly argument.

She knew nothing of politics or religion, or anything else outside the world of clothes and cooking. But she had picked up somewhere a few facts, a few phrases which were sure to light the fuse of my grandfather's fiery temper. He was a worshiper of Teddy Roosevelt and Bob Ingersoll. So she would say casually, as she served the pudding, "Looks like we *stole* the Panama Canal from those poor natives down there in Panama." Or, "That Ingersoll man ought to

be arrested. I see he's made another speech about there not being any God." As per schedule, that would set grandfather off on an apoplectic tirade guaranteed to last fifteen minutes, and draw from my father an angry monolog in reply.

Mama Jackson only asked to listen to it, sitting with her pretty hands clasped on the tablecloth, and her remarkably large eyes shining. But my mother, who hated arguments, and who never seemed to realize that my grandmother viewed her with contempt, would say gently, under cover of the furious male voices, "I do wish you could tell me how you make this delicious pudding. How do you make it soft, but not gooey? I tried the way you told me, but it came out stiff. It always does."

Ruthanna, peevish at this distraction, would turn her china-blue eyes on my mother and say, "You couldn't have done it right. I told you exactly—" But her eyes would be back on the fighting men, her lips curved with an almost sensual smile of pleasure.

For fifteen years of my life we had lemon or apple pie or rice pudding, Teddy Roosevelt and Robert Ingersoll, from half past two till six every Sunday afternoon. The grandparents were often in-

vited to vary the rule by coming to our house for Sunday dinner. But Ruthanna always said, "No, Cora. You folks come here. I'm going to make a rice pudding, and you know how Albert likes that."

When I finished grammar school at thirteen, Ruthanna gave me a pair of silk stockings from Emery Bird's. "I want you always to remember that Mama Jackson gave you your first silk stockings," she said. But what I remember now is that the present came just after the Sunday on which my mother had voiced her opinion that silk stockings were silly and extravagant on the very young. "Those ribbed things you wear," said Ruthanna to me, "aren't ladylike."

A year later, Mama Jackson sent me a collie pup. This was on a Tuesday just after the Sunday when my father, in an interval of battling his father over Teddy Roosevelt and Col. Ingersoll, had said that all dogs carried germs and would bite, and that dog-bite caused the victim to foam at the mouth, bark like a dog, and bite all his friends. A dog, he said, he would never have in the house.

It was probably not Ruthanna's fault that the collie pup she sent me bit everyone in sight. But it must have delighted her. When the pup had bitten the mailman, the

iceman, the milkman, and me, it bit my father. He sent the dog back to Ruthanna, but she would not accept it. My father, a man of no mean resource, finally found a farmer who wanted a dog to bite the people who stole his apples.

The dog was never mentioned at Sunday dinner. The men talked politics, and my mother exclaimed wistfully over the rice pudding. "Some day," she said, "I'm coming over early and watch you make it." Ruthanna gave her a straight stare. "Yes," she said, "come over next Sunday at eleven."

The next Sunday my mother and I went over on the street-car, leaving my father to come later in the Graham-Paige. We rang the bell at eleven o'clock sharp, and waited. We waited quite a while before James came and let us in. In the kitchen Ruthanna was just slamming the oven door, rolling down her blue lawn sleeves.

"Dear me, Cora," she said, "what a pity! I had to get the pudding in early, so as to have time for the broilers." Even then my mother was disappointed, but not suspicious. She had given up making rice pudding at home, for she could not make it to suit my father. Whatever he had of an oedipus complex showed itself only on the subject of rice pudding.

III

My grandfather Rufus died when I was seventeen, as serenely as though St. Peter, instead of Col. Ingersoll, were going to superintend his future. I was sent over to Independence Boulevard to keep Ruthanna company for a few days. "You must be very kind and thoughtful," my mother told me. "She is going through your grandfather's things, and it must make her terribly sad. She probably can't bear to touch them."

I arrived from my classes at Junior College, one heavy April afternoon, and Ruthanna made me a pot of China tea in the side-parlor. The anatomical blossoms of the bleeding heart were shining from a sullen shower, and the smell of lilacs in the room was much too strong. Ruthanna looked a little less sleek than usual. There was a smudge on her cheek, and she looked tired. She was wearing a queer kind of black wool coat which reached to her hips. As she handed me my tea, the cuff tickled her, and she yanked the sleeve up over her white arm so violently that I heard stitches ripping. "Darn it," she said. "I *told* your grandfather not to buy this nasty, scratchy smoking jacket."

Twenty years later, in 1936,

Ruthanna took a big step. A York State and Cleveland Republican for ninety-two years, at 93 she turned Democrat. About this time, my father, over-taxed, over-supervised, maddened by the decline of the livestock commission business was damning the second Roosevelt with even more Republican fervor than his father had ever shown.

Ruthanna, who had been totally deaf and half blind for several years, suddenly demanded an ear-phone radio. She was living with my Aunt Elsie then, puttering around the kitchen, making her rice pudding, sitting at the front window to see how many times a week Mr. Trenholme, across the street, came home drunk. She had never shown any interest in radio, but when they got her one with ear-phones, she put the ear-phones on and wore them all day for several days, while she watched for Mr. Trenholme.

The next Sunday, when she came with my aunt and uncle to our house for dinner, she waited for the dessert to spring her surprise. (The dessert, by the way, was not rice pudding.)

"Albert," she said to my father, "you are wrong. Capitalism is a thing of the past. The New Deal for the man in the street is the sunrise of the future. You success-

ful —" my father gulped "— businessmen are ruled only by selfishness and hope of gain." She paused, bending her faded but surprisingly large eyes upon him. "I'm voting for Roosevelt in November."

It wasn't quite the same as the old Sunday wars on Independence Boulevard, but it was a pretty good fight. My father spilled his after-dinner coffee, and went early to bed with a headache.

When she died last summer, my mother and I went down to help Aunt Elsie "put away" her things. The ear-phones of Ruthanna's radio lay pathetically on the window sill. We folded and packed away in a box her white silk nightgowns, her petticoats and her chemises from Emery, Bird, and Thayer.

In the back of a drawer, Aunt Elsie found the cook-book. It was, oddly enough, *The Temperance Cook Book*, published in 1861. Ruthanna's mincemeat and hard

sauce and plum pudding had not been temperance dishes. My aunt, turning the pages, came on marginal notes in her mother's uncertain, flamboyant hand. "Grape juice is *not* the same. Use good grape brandy!" Beside recipes calling for lard or drippings, she had written, "Butter is better." My mother, I noticed, was strangely agitated. Her eyes began to shine, she spoke without her usual faltering shyness. "Let me see it, Elsie. May I?"

My aunt handed her the book. I knew all at once, when my mother turned to the index, what she was looking for. "Rice pudding, Baked," the index said. "Page 263."

The battered old book creaked as she flung back the pages. I almost held my breath. Page 261, 262 — but 263 was missing, not torn out, not hacked out with kitchen shears, but cut out neatly, as though it had never been there.



THE ROAD TO GLORO

BY WALTER MODELL

ONLY two people can speak Gloro. One of them is a physician in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the other is its inventor, Dr. Max Talmey of New York. Despite this paucity of users, Gloro need not be taken too lightly. It ranks importantly among synthetic tongues and is touted by its few but fervent champions as the language that combines the best features of all others.

Dr. Talmey did not come upon Gloro casually. It was the culmination of its creator's life-long search for an ideal universal speech; having reached it, he has not relaxed but continues to polish and perfect and simplify. About 250 synthetic languages have been concocted since the Seventeenth Century. Never has their production been as intensive as during Dr. Talmey's lifetime, and in many of them he has had a busy hand. As a boy, in Lithuania where he was born sixty-nine years ago and in Germany where he studied, he pounced on Volapük, the first artificial language to gain any popu-

larity; fifty years ago the number of Volapükians was estimated at a million. When the Polish linguist, Dr. L. Zamenhof, introduced Esperanto in 1887, young Talmey was one of his first champions. In later years, however, he did not hesitate to lead the movement for revising Esperanto, then in discarding it altogether in favor of Ido. Nothing less than philological perfection suited him.

Dr. Talmey is a quiet little man with a greying goatee. He studied medicine in Munich, and in 1895 emigrated to America. Practicing medicine for a living, he devoted his major energies to philology, mathematical philosophy, and astronomy. To this day he carries in his breast pocket a map of the fixed stars, which he uses to check up on the constellations as you and I use a wrist-watch. He has compiled the standard texts and dictionaries for several international languages and is credited with being the foremost authority on the universal speech problem in the USA.

The quest that led to Gloro began at a very early age. When Dr. Talmey learned German in school, the bilingual boy noticed that it contained words for which there was no exact equivalent in his native language. Similarly, when he learned French he found that it also had single words for thoughts for which there were only clumsy circumlocutions in other tongues. Young Talmey pondered this phenomenon. At 18 he had a working knowledge of six. Eventually he mastered sixteen.

Since all languages have unique words, Dr. Talmey soon had an imposing collection of them. Thus only English has *snob*, *aloof*, and *abeyance*; German, *verunglücken*, *verschmerzen*, and *Strecke*; and French, *élite*, *etiquette*, and *verve*. Again only the English have *slums*, can *simper*, or have a *smattering* or a *fad*, and they alone can be *marooned* on an island. For truly exact expression Dr. Talmey found that he would have to talk a sort of polyglot. How much better, on the face of it, to have one tongue which combined the equivalents of the best words of all tongues. But there was no such miracle — it would have to be developed.

Meanwhile the Doctor had to content himself with Esperanto. In America Dr. Zamenhof's crea-

tion was almost unknown until 1905. In that year his disciple, Dr. Talmey, succeeded in finding six other Esperantists, and organized the New York Esperanto Society with himself as its first President. But he soon found fault with that language. Its harsh sibilants and endings grated on his nerves. In the schism that developed he placed himself at the head of the perfectionists and gave lusty battle to the die-hard Esperantists. In 1907 the issue came to a head at an international conference in Paris. After eighteen stormy philological sessions, the creation of a new language was recommended, using as its foundation Ido, which differed substantially from Esperanto. The New York Esperanto Society metamorphosed into the New York Ido Society and Dr. Talmey into its first President.

Ido had distinct theoretical advantages over Esperanto, the Doctor believed. It was easy to learn. About 75 per cent of its roots were derived from real languages. The elementary grammar was simple. Words ending in *o* are nouns, singular; in *i*, nouns, plural; in *a*, adjectives; in *e*, adverbs; in *ar*, *as*, *is*, *os*, *ez*, verbs in infinitive, present, past, future and imperative. That translation is a pushover is indicated by one of Dr. Talmey's examples:

Il sizis la yunino, snachis un kiso,
e departis.

He seized the girl, snatched a kiss,
and departed.

Ido was brought to a reasonably high degree of development, but in 1914, because of the World War, its adherents decreed a ten-year lay-off. Dr. Talmey objected to any lay-off, war or no war, and for years he worked alone.

Originally his intention was simply to improve Ido. In his enthusiasm, however, he added so many new roots and eliminated the arbitrary elements so completely that he had a brand-new language on his hands. Thus Gloro was born, though the name, which means "rational means of communication," came later. At first Dr. Talmey called it Arulo (a contraction of Auxiliary Rational Universal Language). The Doctor believed that "shorter names, such as Ido, were not sufficiently mouth-filling . . . from the point of view of mass psychology."

As in Ido, Gloro parts of speech are recognized by their endings; nouns by *o*; adjectives, *a*; adverbs, *e*; persons, *u*; plural, *i*; possessive case, *f*; objective case, *n*; infinitive of the present, *ar*; present tense, *as*; past tense, *is* or *id*; future tense, *os* or *od*; conditional, *us* or *ud*;

imperative, *ez*; optative, *am*. Because English is the richest and most expressive of all languages, combining many of the best features of German, Latin, French, and Greek, it forms a very important single source of root words for Gloro. To demonstrate how roundly prose rolls off in Gloro, Dr. Talmey translated President Roosevelt's Peace Address given at Buenos Aires in 1936. Recited in a lecture at Yale it was enthusiastically received. "*Questa es nula konferenco por formacar alianci, por dividir la preduri di milito, por repartar landi . . .*"

Recently Gloro was slighted, almost insulted, by Hollywood. For a few bits of dialogue in a mythical country, in *Idiot's Delight*, M-G-M chose Esperanto. The Esperantists gloated. The father of Gloro raged. How could they, he demanded in a militant letter to the Hollywood producers, prefer an ugly, outdated thing to the language of the future, the hope of mankind? Dr. Talmey is convinced that Gloro is the answer to the world's babel. It will be improved — he tinkers with it continually himself — but it will not be supplanted. If, however, a better language should be made in our time, you may be sure Dr. Talmey will make it.

SO YOU WANT TO LIVE IN SWEDEN?

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

FOR some years now, Sweden has been presented in print as a small-scale Promised Land. Since 1929, many Swedish-Americans have returned to remain permanently, and emigration has been contemplated by not a few Americans. They have been asking whether Sweden offers comparative security in a troubled world. Might it be a refuge from the trials, tribulations, and bedeviling uncertainties of the New Deal?

Well, the idea is humorous — on the surface. Sweden launched a New Deal about thirty years ago and still has it. But, mark you, its reforms have been instituted with deliberation. The Swedes, true to their national characteristic of making haste slowly, cut no corners. Steps were taken on a pay-as-you-go basis, and the budget has been balanced by taxes. Social Security and similar measures seem to be standing up. Business is not bedeviled with uncertainties by the State, nor oppressively harassed by regulation. Heavy tax artillery does not shoot most of its profits out

from under it. Since collective bargaining was accepted in 1902, Swedish capital and labor have reached a working arrangement.

Thus Sweden, although it is not Utopia, would seem to embattle Americans to have its points. Its people are likable, uniformly courteous and soft-spoken. Its cities are free of slums and remarkably quiet. Most tourists return beaming and raving. So let us get down to essentials. How much does it cost to live in Sweden?

Apartment rents range from \$35 a month for two rooms, bath, and kitchenette to \$75 for a modern suite of seven rooms and two baths. A furnished cottage in the country rents for about \$40. Food is high in quality and cheap in price, especially in the Stockholm markets. A liberal food allowance for a household of five would be \$60 a month. A cook's wages run from \$18 to \$30 a month, and a housemaid's from \$15 to \$23. Laundry per month for a family of four or five, \$8; gas, \$2.50; electricity, \$3.50.

A first-class man's suit costs \$30.

A gown or a tailored dress on a Paris model, \$75 to \$90. A hat, \$7. Theatre and concert seats have a \$1.75 top, and movies 40 cents. Annual dues for Stockholm's best golf club are \$50. Including education, medical care, and taxes, a household of five well-to-do *émigrés*, should be able to live very comfortably in Sweden on about \$3500 a year; that is, on a scale which would cost \$7000 or more here.

The Tax Collector in Sweden offers no cheerier news than he does on our shores, yet neither is it worse. Moderate incomes are taxed about 25 per cent; Economic Royalists pay from 45 to 50 per cent. The tax on income from capital is steeper than that on income from work. When the Swedish budget is to be balanced (and it is always balanced), landed estates take a beating. So do big inheritances, although at the same time the tax on small bequests may be lowered. Yet the Swedish practice of taxation is refreshing. No tax is hidden. How much, what on, and what for is clearly stated, and the poor are not deluded. These indirect taxes, lower than in America, are compensated for by a broader base in direct taxation.

As for capital investments, Swedish Government three-per-cent bonds are now selling above par.

Better still are preferred stocks in industrial concerns where the raw materials are Swedish-produced or controlled — lumber or iron, for instance. On such resources are based Sweden's present strong financial position. Yet the market for such securities is no bargain counter, since Sweden now has ample capital.

The Government has no trouble floating its special bond issues. This is accomplished by a device which gives puritanical Americans a shock whenever suggested: realistic utilization of the unsuppressible human instinct for gambling. Issues are offered on a modified lottery basis. While an investor's capital remains intact, his bond carries a numbered coupon on which he may draw anything from a blank to a windfall. If it's the former, he sacrifices all interest on his investment. Yet even to losers the game seems worthwhile. They have had a run for their money and they know that the proceeds of the issue support worthy State projects which probably could not be financed otherwise: housing, education, music, museums, *etcetera*.

Reverting to the labor situation, Sweden is one of the most strongly unionized countries in the world, yet there seems to be no disposition on the part of the unions to domi-

nate employers. Labor leadership is intelligently selfish, it is not highly paid, and it has kept free from racketeers. There is little unemployment: only 22,000 as of the last March census, corresponding to about 440,000 in the United States. It is a shortage of labor, especially in agriculture, which causes worry.

The political trend in Sweden gives evidence that barriers against fascism are high, with no sign of a Man on Horseback ready to ride. Gustaf V, a model Constitutional monarch, leaves government strictly to the *Riksdag*, where the Labor and Farmers are in power. The nobility, while sometimes influential, is not reactionary. Looking leftward, there is some communist strength among the miners of the north, but they confuse the doctrine with unionism. Overtures to them by Russia demonstrated that the miners were poor prospects for Sovietism. In Sweden democracy and socialism work together.

The crime situation is enviable. Six or eight murders a year is the national average. Widespread respect for the law makes its maintenance comparatively easy. To that characteristic must be attributed the success of the liquor system and of the extraordinary

achievements in the control of venereal disease. One fact epitomizes law enforcement in Sweden: no one can fix a traffic ticket.

Among minor disadvantages for an American who would dwell in Sweden is the language. A fair proportion of Swedes speak English, but the traveler off the beaten track and the foreign resident soon feel a need for lingual learning. Nor is there any gainsaying the fact that modern conveniences, in spite of Sweden's technical proficiency, are not as ample as Americans are accustomed to. And then there is the climate. Long, cool summer days are paid for by dark, cold winters. True, cheap electricity from water-power has brightened the latter in recent years. Still it becomes a personal equation whether the winters are successfully whiled away by sports, some of the finest eating and drinking the world provides, entertainment, and festivities such as those at Christmastide which last a whole month.

Such are the charms and the disadvantages in Sweden. Scarcely an American who has made a visit fails to sing its praises. But as to staying there for the rest of your life—that's something else again. It's up to you.



► *Scoundrels exploit man's search for the fountainhead of eternal youth.*

MATERIA APHRODISIA

BY ALLEN WRIGHT

THE notion that there are drugs possessing the special power of inflaming masculine sexual desire is covertly held by almost every male at some time between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Real and practical knowledge of these mysterious drugs is popularly supposed to be the enviable heritage of the medical profession. The plain truth is that these substances (called Aphrodisiacs, after Aphrodite, Greek Goddess of Love) are few in number, of extremely uncertain and temporary efficacy, and generally induce after-effects so deleterious to health that their use is severely restricted in legitimate medicine.

While the ethical physician may hesitate to prescribe an aphrodisiac drug except in carefully controlled dosage and under strictly regulated conditions, charlatans have always found a profitable market for their "lost manhood" restoratives. Indeed, among the quack promoters of fraudulent proprietary medicines, it is legendary that sure money-makers are

nostrums guaranteed to do any one of these three things: 1) Grow hair on a bald head; 2) sprout a matronly bosom on flat chests; and 3) provide renewed sexual vigor to burned-out men and over-ambitious adolescents.

A fresh crop of gullible adults and misguided youths is always replenishing the field to which the quacks direct their alluring advertising, usually in the lower types of periodicals. Quite convincing advertising it is too, calculated to raise futile hopes. This example, though fictitious, is typical:

RESTORE THE VIGOR AND VITALITY OF YOUTH! REGAIN THE FULL POWER OF PRIME MANHOOD! BE A RED-BLOODED HE-MAN AGAIN! GLOW WITH RENEWED HEALTH, STRENGTH AND ENERGY! WIN THE ADMIRATION OF WOMEN AND THE ENVY OF MEN. VITA-BUNK TABLETS ARE POSITIVELY GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

As if these assurances were not sufficient to bring the price of two dollars from the sucker by air

mail, there is often a footnote, explaining that "double strength" tablets are available at a higher price. The promised results are sometimes produced by the pills. The magical compounds arouse an invigorating glow of sensuality so rapidly that even the skeptical are often convinced. It is this immediate though temporary benefit that misleads the victim into continued self-medication. Eventually he reaches the "double-strength" class in a desperate, impossible effort to maintain the level of apparent vigor which was first produced. Then, inevitably, comes the reaction — weakening of the sexual system and general debility which sends another physical wreck to make humble confession to a physician.

What are the drugs used in such quack nostrums? There are several, all harmful when employed indiscriminately, and some which can permanently damage the human system, even fatally. The most common aphrodisiac drug, used as the basic ingredient of nearly all the "lost manhood" pills and elixirs, is Yohimbine, a drug derived from the bark of an African tree. Powerful and rapid in action, Yohimbine seems to the ignorant user to be the true elixir of youth. It operates as a direct stimulant, producing visi-

ble manifestations of reanimation within an astonishingly short time. Only the hopelessly impotent fail to respond to a first dose of Yohimbine.

Aside from its unscrupulous use in fake "virility" compounds, Yohimbine is quite a respectable drug, and has long been popular in veterinary practice to incite heat in bulls and stallions. In legitimate medicine, Yohimbine is often used as an adjunct to a course of treatment for sexual debility. Since much masculine sexual impotence is of imaginary or "psychic" origin, the sense of renewed confidence aroused by the drug is sometimes sufficient to effect a permanent cure. Sugar pills can bring similar results. But the unprescribed, indiscriminate use of Yohimbine as a stimulant is a practice exceedingly hazardous to health.

II

While Yohimbine is one of the few drugs which act directly on the male generative organ, there are other substances which produce a similar effect by reflex irritation. Probably the most common of these, used by the unenlightened as an aphrodisiac, is Cantharides, a drug known to generations of schoolboys as "Spanish Fly." The

surreptitious "planting" of a generous dose of this drug in the food of an unsuspecting victim has long been a favorite practical joke among lads around the age of thirteen, and among adults of a corresponding mental age. Spanish Fly is not, in fact, a fly, nor is it of Spanish origin. It is prepared from the corpses of beetles which have been killed in vinegar fumes and ground to a fine powder. It has been in use for centuries, being mentioned as an aphrodisiac by Hippocrates.

The ancient Romans relied greatly on the excitement derived from swallowing Cantharides to sustain them in their sensual orgies lasting for a week or two. Curiously enough, the hot baths with which the gladiators punctuated their festivities aided in the excretion of the poison from their systems and minimized its ill effects. Like Yohimbine, Cantharides is successfully used upon animals, usually the smaller ones, such as rams, dogs and pigs. It produces its effect by chemical irritation of the mucous membranes of the genito-urinary passages. Swallowed in the quantity necessary to produce appreciable results, Cantharides can cause severe inflammation of the kidneys and reproductive system, with permanent damage.

Recent research has revealed that the bee's sting contains an irritant chemical closely resembling Cantharides in its aphrodisiac action. The common Colorado potato bug, obtainable in bushel lots, gratis with thanks, from almost any farmer, also is said to be practically identical with the Cantharides beetle in production of the specific action. Chief among the other drugs employed either alone or in various combinations in the preparation of quack sex-stimulation nostrums are strychnine, phosphorus, iron, quinine, aloin, arsenic, wheat germ oil, capsicum, and various glandular products, notably testicular material and dried thyroid substance. Nearly all are exceedingly dangerous to health, and even life, in uncontrolled use.

Strychnine is probably the most commonly employed tonic drug in the whole ethical medical armament. In infinitesimal doses, it is of unique value as a general constitutional stimulant. Phosphorus, often combined with strychnine in the legitimate treatment of impotence, is credited with being a potent aphrodisiac. For decades phosphorus constituted one of the main reliances of the family physician in inducing sexual reanimation. Being extremely poisonous in any save the most minute dose, phos-

phorus can cause death. The beneficent effect of drinking seawater, mentioned by medical writers centuries ago and still practiced today, is believed to be partly due to the phosphorus content.

The virtues of arsenic as an aphrodisiac are lesser known today. Like strychnine, arsenic is more familiarly regarded as a reliable poison for killing off rich uncles and rats. Yet arsenic, in therapeutic doses, was once the main reliance for sharpening the edge of desire. It was brought into the spotlight many years ago by the extraordinary experiences of the arsenic eaters of Styria, in the Balkans. These robust mountaineers for generations have attributed their phenomenal sexual vigor to their custom of daily drinking from arsenical springs. The aphrodisiac effect of arsenic is believed to be the accompaniment of its stimulating action on all the bodily nerve cells, arousing a sense of general well-being and tending to diminish fatigue.

Within the last few years, wheat germ oil has come into prominence as an aphrodisiac drug. Obtained by pressure from the tiny germ of the wheat grain, the drug contains a high concentration of Vitamin E, the reproductive vitamin. Males and animals deprived of this vita-

min invariably become sterile. The oil first was used in legitimate medicine as a remedy for feminine frigidity. Experimenters later reported it of definite value in the restoration of potency to the male. Due to danger of over-dosage, the indiscriminate use of the oil is accompanied by great risk. It has also been reported that ingestion of the oil may be conducive to cancer. But these hazards have not deterred the commercial exploiters of the oil as an aphrodisiac. Within a short time after the first published reports of its possible value in the treatment of impotence, it was widely touted as an ingredient of masculine "vigor" medicines.

III

Capsicum, or red pepper, is often the sole effective ingredient in the cheaper variety of "lost manhood" restoratives. It produces in a mild manner the identical effect produced more violently by Cantharides. In fact, all highly seasoned dishes, containing copious quantities of capsicum, tobacco, horse radish or other pungent condiments, are quite efficient irritant aphrodisiacs. Capsicum has even been inserted in salves for use externally as an aphrodisiac.

Dried thyroid gland, being pos-

sibly the only endocrine substance efficacious when taken by mouth, is recklessly used in commercial aphrodisiacs. Self-medication with thyroid gland is, of course, a highly hazardous proceeding. By influencing the rate at which an individual "lives," the thyroid hormone exerts a profound effect on nearly all bodily functions and on personality. Overstimulation by excessive intake of thyroid substance is equivalent to "burning the furnace at forced draft." The level of amorous inclination is thus naturally raised.

A substance for which aphrodisiac powers are claimed is the dried sex glands of bulls or rams, or an extract derived therefrom. Sold under various trade names, this orchic substance is widely advertised as part of the formulae of many proprietary "vigor" restoratives. The theory that this material could restore sexual vigor in the human male was first reported to an incredulous medical fraternity by the famous French physician Charles Brown-Sequard in 1889. The glands of bull seals had been used by the Chinese for the same purpose 3000 years before. Reliable modern investigators say that while crude testicular substance taken internally may be conducive to heightened virility in the male, about

five tons of the dried bull gland would be needed as a daily dose to produce appreciable effect. Consequently, commercial preparations of such dried glands are declared worthless by most practitioners. Results obtained by use of this glandular substance are attributed to auto-suggestion.

Another glandular product, that of the pituitary, enjoys considerable reputation as an aphrodisiac. Indeed, the use of a pituitary gland product as a rejuvenator among middle-aged residents of a certain city recently caused the supply of the local druggists to be exhausted. The manufacturer of the product, profoundly curious about the sudden demand, investigated. He learned that a man who had been restored to sexual robustness by injections of the glandular extract by his physician had spread the word among his friends.

Marihuana, which lately has made the front pages as a menace to the morals of youth, is also misused as an aphrodisiac. It is a narcotic drug, closely related in action to Cannabis (hashish) which has for centuries been used for the same purpose in the Near East. In effect, these drugs blackjack into unconsciousness the alert mental sentry whose duty it is to stand guard over our actions, and to warn

us when we feel inclined to step across the line of prudence and circumspection. With the barriers down, the senses take control. Alcohol, of course, has been the main reliance of rich and poor, among nearly all civilized people and savages, for kindling of the senses. Its effect is too commonly known to warrant mention. Yet we may still take warning from Shakespeare: "It provokes desire, but it takes away performance." (*Macbeth. Act 2, Scene 3.*)

No mention of aphrodisiacs would be complete without polite reference to the lowly oyster. Like other common seafoods, such as clams and shellfish, the oyster enjoys popular renown as an aphrodisiac of considerable potency. The real truth about the oyster as an aphrodisiac may some day be established by positive scientific evidence. To date, however, its claim has only that support which comes from the theory that "fifty million eaters can't be wrong."

THE HIT-AND-RUN THINKER

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

Sincerity is the father of intolerance, fanaticism, and mass-murder. The most highly civilized man has his tongue in his cheek.

*

Publicly we are all sane; privately we are all madmen.

*

A cynic is a moralist who has shot himself through the heart without dying of it.

*

The knowledge of ultimate ignorance grows deeper and wider each day. This is what the Rotarians of science call progress.

*

The commonplace is a miracle endlessly repeated. The miraculous is a commonplace not yet classified.

*

A leader of men is one who creates illusion; a thinker is one who destroys it.

AMERICANA

HARRIS D. CONNICK, managing director of the San Francisco Fair, where Sally Rand's Nude Ranch packs 'em in, cracks down on underdressed female visitors:

The exposition's executive manager admitted the "crackdown" will have some flexibility.

"It is possible," he stated, "for some women to expose certain parts of their anatomy without being offensive, while others, exposing the same parts, are downright indecent."

Connick said he will be the judge of each individual case.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CARTOONISTS and radio comics are gently rebuked by *Work*, a WPA publication in Washington:

ELMIRA, N. Y. — Elmira WPA workers, and more especially members of the Elmira Alliance, are mourning the loss of their active brother, Gus Rashke. His death was said by members to have been hastened by overwork.

GEORGIA

THE Waynesboro *True Citizen* scores a scoop:

H. Grady Barger on while returning from the country one day last week was confronted with a large rattlesnake in the middle of the road. Determined to have his share of the road, Mr. Barger ran over the snake. The snake sank its fangs into the tire twice, punc-

turing the tire according to Mr. Barger. The snake crawled away and Mr. Barger fixed his flat.

MARYLAND

PROGRESS of the More Abundant Life in a New Deal principality is heralded by the *Washington Post*:

A diaper-pinning contest for fathers is scheduled to feature the Mothers Day observance at Greenbelt, Md.

Community Manager Roy S. Braden said yesterday he hoped every father would participate. The Government-built town has one of the highest birth rates in the country. Since October 1, 1937, when the community was settled, 350 "blessed events" have been recorded.

MISSOURI

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* discloses a curious episode in the life of John Barrymore:

He turned to serious roles in 1917 when he was acclaimed for his work in Galsworthy's "Justice." Then came a succession of hits: "Peter Ibbetson," "Redemption," "The Jest," and finally the role of Hamlet in Shakespeare's "Richard III."

THE social *éclat* of local Society is attested by the *Clever Spotlight*:

Following the program, refreshments of pie and coffee were served. A novel method of selecting "pie-partners" was introduced. Each woman present was

asked to remove one shoe. The collected footwear was placed in a jumbled pile and each man present "drew" a shoe. He then searched for a lady who wore a matching shoe — and ate pie with her.

MICHIGAN

THE editors of the pious *Detroit Free Press* make a significant contribution to theology:

Whatever one may believe in the abstract about the efficacy of prayer, there is no doubt regarding the practical wisdom of the request by Gov. Dickinson for prayers in the churches next Sunday that the Legislature may be given courage to resist pressure groups trying to make treasury raids at the expense of the taxpayers, and that institutional heads may be given the wisdom to economize without loss of efficiency.

NEW YORK

A MOOT point is settled authoritatively by Emily Post:

I do not approve of the modern style which includes colors in the bride's costume. Let the second marriage be colorful, but the first must be pure white.

DR. MILES DRESSKELL of Columbia University adds to the American matrimonial credo:

Singing will provide great individual satisfaction for you. It gives a great emotional outlet, which in turn leads to increased kindness toward a wife or husband.

THE ingenuity of American business is revealed by the *Globe Mail*

Service, Inc., New York, in a list of trick "enclosures" for sales-letters:

chewing gum	piece of bamboo
Chinese coin	scratched check
corn plaster	scented letter
playing card	shark's tooth
metal mirror	crisp \$1 bill
jumping bean	4-leaf clover
postage stamp	lucky "charm"
invisible ink	lu np of sugar

NORTH CAROLINA

THE Associated Press records another hit for higher education:

Dean Robert B. House, administrative head of the University of North Carolina, mixes his metaphor with music. He brought down the house in his address at the graduation exercises of the Belhaven High School when he broke into his speech with two selections on his harmonica. They were "Oh, Suzanna" and "Golden Slippers."

OHIO

NOTE on the progress of science and art in Ohio, as reported by the *Detroit Free Press*:

The increased amounts of cow's milk which are being given to babies are contributing to the low-pitched voices of children today, Cloea Thomas, instructor at Ohio State University, believes.

Cow's milk appears to develop in children vocal cords "more like the calf's than like a human's," declares Miss Thomas in a paper which was read by Edith M. Keller, Ohio State supervisor of music, at a clinic on vocal music Wednesday in the Hotel Tuller. The clinic is one of many being held this week in connection with the North Central Music Educators' Conference.

OKLAHOMA

A MELANCHOLY note on marriage and mortality in the advertising columns of the Wilburton *Mountaineer*:

You get the girl,
We will do the rest,
We'll pay the preacher
And furnish your nest

A. LAPP AND
COMPANY

FURNITURE
and
UNDERTAKING

TEXAS

ART note from the culture-conscious precincts of Harlingen:

Following a serious address on the origin and place of service clubs, Dave Kaufman, Weslaco, speaking at the Thursday night meeting of the 20-30 Club here, staged a demonstration of the gentle art of dunking.

In his exhibition Kaufman used 12 doughnuts, a bib with a drain, a dunking spoon to retrieve lost segments, rubber gloves and other paraphernalia. Kaufman also gave examples of various kinds of sneezes, among other human reactions.

THE candid editor of the Karnes City *Citation* decries his own wares:

We pray for rain. It does no good to advertise for it.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS
ENGLAND

THE battle of the sexes reaches Maidenhead, according to the *London People*:

Young men at Maidenhead, fashionable Berkshire riverside resort, are threatening to appear in the streets in skirts and blouses if local women do not stop wearing flannel trousers in public.

In addition, some welfare workers claim that the young women who prance about in men's trousers and closefitting jumpers which accentuate their figures, give the youth in the district a dangerously false impression of sex values.

GERMANY

JULIUS STREICHER, Nazi leader, announces a great scientific discovery to a conference of the German Health Movement:

History's greatest physician is our Führer!

SPAIN

THE victorious rebellion tackles the job of purifying the country, according to a dispatch from Victoria, Spain:

Educational authorities of insurgent Spain are organizing a purge of school textbooks. Titles of the banned books include *The Life of Plants*, *The Insect World*, *Curious Denizens of the Deep*, *Mathematics*, and *The Microscope*.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Triumph of the Gadget

I HAVE lately been puzzling over Dr. Alexis Carrel's observation that "men cannot follow modern civilization along its present course, because they are degenerating." I hardly know what to make of it, and therefore perhaps ought not to write about it, because I cannot put on the air of profound and confident certainty which American readers seem to like their writers to assume in dealing with all public questions. The statement, however, gives rise to a good many thoughts and conjectures which are worth writing about, even if one is not quite certain of them.

It is pretty evident that men cannot follow modern civilization along its present course. That much is clear. They are following it, but only in the sense that a man clinging to the tail of a wild bull may be said to follow. It is running away with them as fast as it can go. Some of them are hanging on and at the same time trying to see which way the bull is going, and why, and how far, and what

is likely to happen on the way. The great majority, on the other hand, seem simply to be hanging on; inert, not trying to see or know or guess at anything--just helplessly hanging on.

It is evident also that the hangers-on cannot hang on much longer, nor can the followers, if any, follow much farther. It therefore looks as if the course of modern civilization will soon be littered up with a huge amorphous mass of general and rather hopeless exhaustion. This is a most disagreeable prospect to face, but there seems no way out of it. On his first point, then, one would say Dr. Carrel is right. Men cannot follow indefinitely, nor can they hang on indefinitely. His second point will stand a little sifting. Are men degenerating? What is the evidence that they are?

Some authorities say they find no evidence that the general run of mankind has degenerated noticeably up to the present time, or that it has noticeably improved. According to all they can find out

about man's earlier nature and condition, they think that, by and large, "the average civilized man" is now just about what he was 6000 years ago. He is a little better off in health, probably, his span of life is longer, and his chances of surviving infancy are better but his moral constitution and his intellectual capacity seem to have undergone no significant change.

One reason why it is easy to believe that civilized man is degenerating is that he has, so far, bitterly disappointed the expectations put upon him by philosophers of the Eighteenth Century. Putting it roughly, they thought that all the average civilized man needed was a better chance, and his moral and intellectual qualities would improve indefinitely. Give him better education, better surroundings, more leisure, full political and social responsibility, and above all give him more independence and freedom of action, and the great natural good in him would immediately flow out.

So far, it has not worked out that way. Perhaps he still has not had chance enough to show what is in him; some social philosophers think so, and are all for his having more; and of course, in spite of appearances, they may be right. Whether so or not, his distinct

failure, so far, to make good on the Eighteenth-Century estimate is no argument that he has degenerated. At most, it is presumptive evidence, perhaps taken prematurely, that those expectations were extravagant. It may be that he simply hasn't it in him to amount to more in an intellectual, moral, or spiritual way than he amounted to 6000 years ago. So while undoubtedly men cannot follow the course of modern civilization, it is not quite clear that the reason Dr. Carrel assigns for this is the right one. Perhaps that course is utterly impracticable for any but a superhuman race.

Nevertheless, Dr. Carrel gets support from the fact that certain tribes, even races, degenerated promptly and swiftly on contact with modern civilization of the Western type. They were guinea-pigs; the benefits of that civilization were such as they could not appropriate and use, and the only influences to which they could react were deteriorating. Measles, missionaries, "education," and commercial buccaneering practices ruined the Polynesians, for example. Their selective power was not up to the task of picking out from the jumble of new influences what was good for them, and resisting the rest.

We may now be seeing the same thing taking place on a larger scale; if so, it would show conclusively that Dr. Carrel is right. Modern civilization presents a stupendous jumble of new influences, and many of them—most of them, by far—are deteriorating, and withal insidious. It presents these not only to the heathen sitting in darkness, but most persuasively to its own people. Now, whatever may be said about the average man's capacities in the past or in the future, ordinary observation shows beyond any chance of doubt that, like the Polynesians, his selective power is preposterously incompetent at the moment to deal with this irruption of depraving influences.

Hence there would be little question *a priori* that Dr. Carrel is right to the extent that men of the Western civilization must be degenerating, and in the absence of some supervening factor, as yet unforeseen, they must continue to do so.

II

Illustrations of the Western man's incompetence in selective power are perhaps best seen in small matters. A novelist once described the destruction of a race by the agency

of microbes. Similarly a romancer who had a cynical turn might foreshadow the collapse of Western civilization, and call it *The Triumph of the Gadget*. In all probability the emergence of the gadget has had a vast deal to do with the degenerative process. During the last fifty years there has been invented almost every conceivable labor-saving device, with the consequence that the average man is in a state of utter manual incompetence. This is well-known and is often commented upon. But what is not so often observed is that these gadgets are not only labor-saving but brain-saving, thought-saving; and it seems an inescapable conclusion that a correlative mental incompetence is being induced.

A certain amount of resistance seems necessary for the proper functioning of mental and moral attributes, as it is for that of physical attributes. In any of these three departments of life, if you can get results without effort, and habitually do so, the capacity for making the effort dwindles. Whatever takes away the opportunity for effort, whatever obviates or reduces the need for making it, is therefore to some degree deleterious. It needs a bit of brains to manage a furnace-fire successfully; an auto-

matic heater needs none; hence many householders today could not manage a furnace-fire to save their lives. It needs some brain-work to add up a column of figures; running an adding-machine needs nothing but attention; consequently there are many book-keepers and bank-clerks now who not only do not add but cannot. As we all have frequently had occasion to observe, shopkeeping now seldom requires any more strenuous mental exercise than is involved in consulting a price-list. Cooking is a great art, requiring a lot of brain-work; running the modern kitchen requires far less.

Animals having organs which, on account of changes in their environment, they no longer use, turn into a species which has only vestigial remnants or rudimentary forms of these organs, sometimes amounting to no more than mere vague suggestions, like the *os coccygis* in human beings, which vaguely suggests a remote ancestral tail. There is much in "the course of modern civilization" which strongly intimates that this may be happening to the mental and moral powers of Western man. The trouble with arm-chair-and-push-button Utopias like the one so attractively sketched for us by H. G. Wells, is that they carry

brain-saving to the point of complete disuse. Even at present, judging by what one sees, hears, and reads, great numbers of Americans seem pretty well to have reached that point already.

Americans are the world's foremost gadget-users, and unquestionably the leisure gained in this way is used chiefly for further brain-saving—a substitution of play-gadgets for work-gadgets; motion-pictures, automobiles, radio-music, as an alternative to adding-machines, price-lists, fireless cookers. One could make out a very reasonable case for the statement that Americans at large have given up using their brains for purposes of thought, and use them only for purposes of attention and contemplation. If this be so, then with the field of gadgetry steadily enlarging and brain-power proportionately dwindling, one might plausibly forecast a generation of American children born without any brains at all, but only with vestigial faculties of attention and contemplation, no more highly differentiated—perhaps even less highly—than those which are common to extremely low forms of animal life.

Dr. Carrel goes on to remark how the aspect of public affairs bears out his thesis of human de-

generation; and here it is especially hard to refute him. "In practically every country," he says, "there is a decrease in the intellectual and moral calibre of those who carry the responsibility of public affairs." Again, a little farther on he observes that "it is chiefly the intellectual and moral deficiencies of the political leaders, and their ignorance, which endanger modern nations." All this is unfortunately true, at least as far as this country is concerned, and it is apparently true elsewhere; and there is also the coincident truth to be considered, that such leaders are precisely what a brain-saving people would be most likely to choose.

Looking at the other major Western Powers also, there seems almost certainly to be something in what this savant says. Degeneration in leadership appears to be simply an index of degeneration in those who choose that leadership. Looking at our own country, however, there can be no shadow of doubt about it. At one time we had the name of being a nation of practical, common-sense people, hard-headed, and above all, resourceful. Whether we ever were quite that or not, there were enough such among us, and they were prominent and influential

enough, to give us that reputation. But today apparently we are the easiest of easy marks for any peruna, even the most nauseous, that any persuasive quack sees fit to dose us with. Think of the ruinous dope we have swallowed in the last twenty-five years: British propaganda by the shipload; making the world safe for democracy; the "new economics" under Coolidge; progressivism; prohibition; technocracy; borrowing yourself out of debt, and spending yourself rich; cursing Statism and corporatism abroad, and applauding them at home; social security; saving democracy in Spain and South America; the new liberalism; Townsendism; and heaven knows what-all beside.

So there it is. I suppose the only actual certainty in the whole matter is that Dr. Carrel is an extremely disagreeable fellow. We don't like to think he is right, but he has so much to say for himself that we can't be quite sure he is wrong. So probably what we shall do is to follow the good sound American procedure in such case made and provided; we shall promptly forget him, and turn on the radio for the latest thing in swing music. Thereby again demonstrating the triumph of the gadget.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

A Butterfly Is Born

THIS is the season of the butterflies. In country places the fields of yarrow and duchess-lace are yellowed by the hordes of *Colias Philodice* — the “sulphurs,” as countrymen call them; farmers’ garden-rows are white with the fluttering wings of *Pieris*; along suburban roadsides and in municipal parks and even in our city window boxes the monarchs and fritillaries and red admirals are feeding and mating and spreading their velvety wings in the sun. It is a good time, now, for inquiring into the pattern of these myriad small brief lives, and for reminding ourselves of the unexampled processes that bring them into being.

The life of a butterfly begins very much as mammalian lives do. It begins, that is to say, on that certain day when, under the hot summer sun, an adult male and female butterfly meet and copulate. They have been brought together by the aromatic pungence of the female’s body, and their union — for all the partners’ delicate fragility — has something of the

fierce intenseness that marks the couplings of greater beasts. Atop a swaying mullein-stalk or under a burdock-leaf they cling together for long minutes, male wings half-folded and vibrant, female wings spread wide, body pressed against arched body. Presently, as the life-plasm passes from the one small body to the other, it is drawn up through the female’s oviduct into those tiny inner receptacles that are called her spermathecae. These are her storage-sacs, wherein the sperm is to be retained until the time for her egg-laying comes; the reception of the male’s life-fluid into them signifies to her the completion of coition. Directly it has taken place, the briefly-joined male and female butterflies separate and fly their separate ways. There will be no recurrence in their brief lives of the rite which they have just completed. The butterflies breed only once.

Almost immediately after breeding has taken place, the female butterfly prepares to lay her eggs. She is not casual or indiscriminate

in her selection of a site. If she is a tawny-winged monarch, she will choose the fleshy stalk of a milk-weed; if a red admiral, she will seek out hop-vines or nettles; if a tiger swallowtail, she is likely to elect wild cherry. She will perform her egg-laying, that is, only on the particular species of wild plant or tree whose foliage will provide the natural food peculiar to her offspring. It means a long search sometimes, but she does not rest until it is completed — or ever err when ultimately she makes her choice. The drive of an ancient instinct, as old as the race of butterflies, impels her in her search and directs her in a right selection.

The eggs pass singly down her oviduct and outward through the organ called her ovipositor; as they travel through the internal ducts they come in contact with the male sperm, stored since breeding in her spermathecae, and are thus fertilized before reaching outer air. They are deposited, usually, in little clumps and clusters, and by their glutinousness adhere firmly to the leaf or twig on which they have been laid. Each egg, although a human eye can hardly see it, is ribbed and veined and patterned in lovely and intricate designs — designs almost as complex as those of the wings of adult butterflies —

and each egg contains the cell which will presently mature, under the influence of time and sun, into an infant caterpillar.

The laying of her eggs has been the fulfilment of the life of the female butterfly. The eggs deposited, she is without further mission. Only for a few hours more, therefore, does she spread her wings in the summer sun, and then she dies. A new generation of butterflies is on its way to life.

II

When the development inside the tiny egg has been completed, the newborn caterpillar makes its egress through a little flap, a kind of door, in the thin-walled shell. The world into which it emerges from this orifice is a very small and almost unapprehended world, for the caterpillar's eyes see hardly more than an inch or two away and its brain is scarcely more than a small bulb of simple nerves. But the caterpillar, like the butterfly which indirectly gave it birth, is possessed of age-old instincts. It is possessed, too, of a pair of efficient cutting mandibles for shearing leaves, and its segmented body rests on stout paired legs whereby it may move around. These equipments are all that it requires.

The caterpillar eats, first, the egg-sac from which it lately came, and then explores the leaves and shoots of the plant. It feeds prodigiously. As the days pass, its sharp mandibles work at leaf-nibbling almost without halt, and consequently the caterpillar increases tremendously in size. To accommodate this rapid growth, its skin loosens periodically, as a snake's does, and splits open along the back, leaving the caterpillar clad in a new and more commodious skin which has been growing underneath the old one. The old one, forthwith, the caterpillar eats. Four or five times, during the days while the caterpillar pursues its changeless routine of foraging and chewing, this change of skins takes place; and then the caterpillar has reached full-grown maturity and this larval stage of the butterfly's life has come to an end. The caterpillar is ready now to become a chrysalis.

It stops its feeding and seeks out a suitable twig. On finding one it begins to spin a little silken thread. The silk it needs is generated as a gummy liquid in an interior sac in the caterpillar's dorsal region, and flows thence to a tiny tube-like organ near its mouth that is called its spinneret. As the caterpillar now expels the thick fluid from this

spinneret, the fluid hardens on contact with the air and its viscous strands solidify as silky filaments. Patiently the caterpillar twists and weaves these filaments until it has fashioned out of them a little silken button. Into the button of raw silk it hooks its strong posterior legs. And then, its spinning and weaving finished, it grows very still.

Pendent by its pro-legs from the silken button, it remains unmoving and inert until, in a little time, a fissure appears in its skin. The fissure widens, and the skin splits open and falls off. What formerly was a caterpillar is now metamorphosed, in this instant of casting off the skin, into a brownish pupa, eyeless and earless and legless, encased in a chitinous capsule. It wriggles once or twice, prodding away the remaining shreds of caterpillar-skin with its horny tip, called its cremaster, and then lapses into total immobility. It looks no more like a living thing than a seed-pod or a withered berry.

Swinging from its thread of silk, whipped by winds and rains, the chrysalis passes its period of pupation. This final period of its life before it becomes a butterfly may even last, in the case of certain species, through a winter — the brittle chrysalis, on its leafless twig, frozen on bitter nights to the

hardness of a stone. But finally, in greater or lesser time, the dormant pupa stirs to life. Changes have been taking place inside its chitinous shell, transformations of the blood and nerves and muscles of a caterpillar into the blood and nerves and muscles of a butterfly. There is a movement now inside the wrinkled pupa-case, a kicking of new-formed legs, a pressure of new-grown crumpled wings. The shell breaks open, finally, and from the end of it a butterfly crawls out.

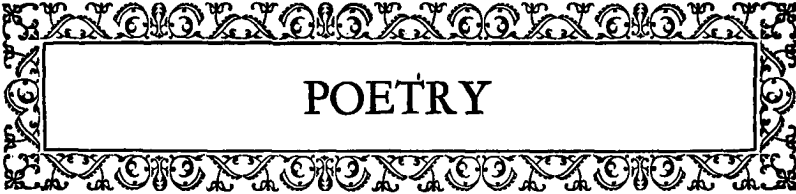
It has a long heavy body, like a worm — a sagging pendulous body that is more than the three pairs of delicate jointed legs are able to support. Its wings are hardly more than little crinkled masses of limp tissue on either side of the thorax. The whole butterfly is damp and flaccid, and it cannot move. Clinging to the husk of the chrysalis from which it has emerged, it can only turn itself by slow degrees to catch the warmth of the sun.

Slowly, as moment follows moment, the butterfly's aspect begins to change. It is breathing deeply now, sucking in the air not through mouth or nostrils as vertebrates do, but through tiny valve-like openings on either side of its abdomen. Its heart is beating with a growing strength, and by the

heart's action the sluggish fluids of its body are being circulated. Slowly the crumpled wings expand and spread, as the pale yellow butterfly-blood finds its way through the outer walls of the horny tubes that are their veins; slowly the heavy worm-like body is shrinking and assuming its proper shape. The gauzy tissues of the wings are drying now, as are the myriad feathery scales that cover them and give them color. Moment by moment the butterfly is growing and becoming perfect. With its tiny bulbed antennae it tests the air, scenting the fragrance of the flowers which presently will provide its food; with the leg-pores that are its ears, it listens to the uncomprehended sounds of this universe into which it has so newly come. Its legs can bear its weight now, and its wings are taut and strong.

Only a little while longer does the butterfly stay at rest, fanning its broad wings slowly and apprehending what it can of the texture of its world. A very little span of adult life stretches out before it. In that span there is feeding to be done, and mating, and the begetting of its kind.

The butterfly lifts its wings and flies out into the sun.



POETRY

DESERTED FARMHOUSE

BY MILDRED COUSENS

FIELDS frosted over with white wild carrot
Slope to the stream by the ruined mill;
Yonder where pine trees pierce the sunset
Deep woods darken the distant hill.

Elms stand lonely with drooping branches,
Apple trees bend their heads to the ground,
Crooking their arms as if they listened
For some far off familiar sound.

Beyond those straggling pink moss roses
You can see the faintest trace of furrows;
Where earth once felt the virile ploughshare
Now only the timid rabbit burrows.

Here was an island where life once lingered,
Labored and dreamed and prayed and slept;
Pain and love lay down together,
Joy knew laughter, sorrow wept.

Clematis hangs by the broken doorway,
Gray moss clings to the granite stones;
Nothing is left of all that lived here
But an old house sunning its weary bones.

THE LIBRARY

James Joyce: Charlatan or Genius?

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

SOMETHING approaching the patience of Job and the persistence of spiders probably is necessary to the full enjoyment of *Finnegans Wake*,¹ James Joyce's 200,000-word, weird and wonderful new novel. Certainly a first reading of this singular performance by the illustrious author of *Ulysses* nets little save perplexity and indignation. If anything attests the self-control of book reviewers and the general esteem in which Joyce is held, it is the remarkable good humor of the majority of the criticisms which saluted this puzzling, prodigious work.

To begin with, it is one of those latter-day fictions which, like *The Making of Americans* by Gertrude Stein and *Towards a Better Life* by Kenneth Burke, bear a relation to the realistic novel very similar to the one which modern "abstract" art (cubistic, and so on) bears to representative painting. This is to

say that in *Finnegans Wake* the style itself — the essential qualities and manner of movement of the words, their rhythmical and musical sequences and the general emotional color of the page — is the main medium of communication between the author and the reader. Precisely as in abstract art, the movement of life felt by the artist is communicated primarily by the design and color, so in this new book the feeling is imparted directly by the flow of the prose. The intellectual content of the words, and in a sense the characters of the narrative and their actions, merely reinforce the impression Joyce is seeking to convey. This is what certain critics have meant when they have remarked that in *Finnegans Wake* the writing is not so much "about" something, as that very something itself.

The book thus demands of its readers an unusual sensitivity to the formal elements of prose. Furthermore, the language in which it

¹*Finnegans Wake*, by James Joyce. \$5.00. Viking Press.

is couched is an original and in many instances apparently a *private* one. To a great extent it is composed of sonorous neologisms — portmanteau-words, etymological puns, Hibernicisms, and other humorous ambiguities — which freshly assemble syllables and wisps of words derived not only from various Irish, English, and American dialects, but from languages like Norse, French, German, and Italian, and even medieval hog-Latin and classic Greek. Some of these neologisms promptly reveal themselves as clever, jocose, economical concentrations of two or more meanings in the manner of Lewis Carroll. Others at first remain quite unintelligible; and Joyce's drift more than frequently eludes one. Hence, at a first encounter the book, to some people, must appear exclusively an entertainment for philologists and specialists in the history and spirit of languages. To others it must seem a tiresome rigamarole by a man who once was a great writer and either has lost contact with reality or is amusing himself by perpetrating a gigantic hoax on the serious reading public. One imagines large numbers of readers casting the book aside while their minds ask whether the author is a lunatic, a charlatan, or a new kind of genius.

A second reading will cause most persons to dismiss their doubts of his sanity and sincerity. Large portions of the work continue obscure; but, as the Germans say "a light begins to go up one," and one perceives that the extraordinary performance is full of wit, wonderful music, and mysterious poetry. It suffers from an excessive verbalism, a lack of strong contrasts, and chiefly a constant and arbitrary disruption of the natural mold of its chief character's experience. But pages, passages, whole chapters will prove themselves great literature.

Above all, the idea of which the book is symbolic reveals itself. This idea is an extension of that of *Ulysses* — the serio-comic notion that the most heroic and romantic events to some degree can reflect themselves in the course of the twenty-four hours of the day of even the most provincial, mediocre, and grotesque of persons. Through the figures of a half-educated advertisement solicitor of the Dublin of the Nineteen Hundreds, his wife, and a budding, semi-distraught young intellectual, *Ulysses* let us perceive the figures of the most romantic personage of the ancient world, the wandering Odysseus, his wife Penelope, of Telemachus in search of his father, and of the

other characters of Homer's *Odyssey*. And the idea of *Finnegans Wake* is the complementary, equally half-humorous, half-serious one that, in the sleep of apparently commonplace and grotesque persons, the process by which the whole of human life invariably organized and evolved itself is recapitulated; and that in their dreams these sleepers, no matter in how seemingly blurred and confused a fashion, can repeat the dream of the race and perceive what is called the nature of Being, the essences of reality.

II

The hero of the novel is an imaginary Dublin letter-carrier called H. C. Earwicker. The name also signifies Here Comes Everybody. The little postman's patronymic, which reveals Norse descent, is the source of constant embarrassment to him since it is the subject of continual jokes. His wife is Catholic and he is Protestant. He has been making love to other girls; there has been a domestic quarrel and the wife has gone to the priest. Earwicker has got drunk, committed or believed he has committed a disgracefully exhibitionistic act, and lies asleep in bed dreaming he is in the Phoenix Park near the

banks of the Liffey. Now in and about the Park where he has been meeting his ladies there actually stand Wellington's Column, the Governor-General's Lodge, the American Legation, Guinness' Brewery, Swift's Hospital, Stevens Hospital, whose chaplaincy was endowed by Swift's Stella, and Chapelzoid with its round tower, popularly associated with the legend of Tristram and Yseult. And the whole environment and the phenomena of the night — together with the circumstance that Earwicker's adventure has made him aware both of the human predicament dramatized in the story of the Fall of Man, and of the ballad of Finnegan who fell because a wall gave way and lay in a deathly trance till the word "whiskey" revived him — in combination peculiarly stir his subconscious mind.

Throughout the uncomfortable hours, while the forces of his being in various stages of introversion struggle to revive and strive to adjust his sexual conflict, he has a fuddled, part mythological, part ridiculous awareness of certain archetypes. Among these patterns expressed by Earwicker's somnolent dislocated interior monologue — we might almost say his "stream of unconsciousness" — are mist-

giants (Jute and Mutt); Michael and Satan, represented as the Mookse and the Gripes; the perfection of the number Four, symbolized by the four evangelists and the four Irish provinces; above all, a bi-sexual deity whose masculine principle is symbolized by a mountain (Howth) and by the elm tree under which the sleeper is lying, whose feminine principle is symbolized by waterways (the Liffey). This mysterious divinity manifests itself in human couples like Adam and Eve, Tristram and Yseult, Swift and Stella, the postman, his wife and their offspring. In a manner of timeless reality in which the selves of the Ninth Century Norse conquerors of Dublin, Sir Tristram, Dean Swift, and Earwicker himself are contemporaneous and even identical, we hear the now rising, now falling, now sharp and now soothing, ever-streamlike, murmur of the dreamer's mind discussing them; and darkly hear their voices, as they live and declare their relationships.

At the same time, the reason for the book's peculiar style and diction grows clear. Fundamentally they are the consequence of Joyce's feeling for the essential qualities of words doubled by his life-long cosmopolitan experience, and the expression of his partly bitter,

partly melancholy but pervasively comic feeling. They are also expressions of the subject of the fiction. They constitute an attempt to represent the confused activity of the mind during slumber under conditions of strain and discomfort. They flow from the wish onomatopoeically to represent the impressions of natural circumstances on the sleeper's mind. Take the atrocious word *bababadalgharaghtak-
amminarronnkonbronntonnerronn-
tuonnthunntrocarrhouanawanskaw-
toohoochoordenenthurnuk* which greets us on the opening page. An amalgamation of the words signifying thunder in a dozen different languages, it is meant to evoke the sound and fury of the thunderstorm during which Earwicker falls asleep. So, too, is the sentence on the next page "*What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishygods!*" The final clause of the sentence meanwhile introduces us to another reason for the neologisms: the desire to keep the entire dense and timely reality constantly before our minds. Take the words "oystrygods" and "fishygods" connected by an amalgam of the German "gegen" meaning "against" and "gagging" meaning "strangling." Joyce evidently wishes to signify in a way suggestive of its detonations: first, a battle in the skies kin to the

battle in the sleeper's breast; and second, a barbaric battle involving the watery element (the cold wife). He merges "gods," "ostrogoths" and "visigoths" with "oysters" and "fishes."

Such instances might be multiplied endlessly, since the whole book almost is made up of similar, mainly comical, instances of concentrated, telescoped words and meanings. One more, also derived from the prodigious first chapter, must suffice: it occurs in the conversation between Jute and Mutt (also Mutt and Jeff). Mutt says to Jute "*Here is viceking's graab.*" "Graab" is Nordic for "grave," also "grab" or "fortune." And "viceking" is symbolic of the cir-

cumstances of the presence of the viceregal lodge, and viking ancestors of the dreamer and the fact that he believes himself to be "a king of vice"; and the whole phrase speaks of the end of British domination, and that "the king of vice" is coming to an end and Earwicker is to re-arise washed and purified.

Thus what seems gibberish at first glance, ultimately resolves itself into conglomerates of meanings. *Finnegans Wake*, even more so than *Ulysses*, is a book by Joyce for Joyce and other writers. However it be regarded, it remains an amazing performance; and whatever its fate, it seems likely to fertilize other talents, provoke other minds, for generations to come.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

FICTION

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN, by John Dos Passos. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* The young man was born to a tradition of sacrifice for convictions and social justice and lived within that tradition in terms of modern strikes and radical movements. Stalin's comrades will get small satisfaction from Dos Passos' acid picture of the Communist

Party operations in a famous Southern strike and in the recent Spanish civil war. The writing, symptomatic of other changes, is less telegraphic, more streamlined.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH, by Waldo Frank. \$2.75. *Doubleday Doran.* This immensely long novel will prove controversial. Highly ambitious, its pages are

packed with characters and incident described in a turgid, mannered prose that will either impress or madden you. It is a serious effort to trace the spiritual growth of a young girl to the painful achievement of maturity, with a good deal about the American scene as a kind of mystic counterpoint.

HARVEST, by Jean Giono. \$3.50. *Viking*. A picturesque, hearty tale of simple folk in the French Basse alps. Though the nobility of the peasants becomes a bit overwhelming in the last chapters, Mr. Giono's descriptive powers make this book memorable.

DRUMS AT DUSK, by Arna Bontemps. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The most moving, colorful, modern account yet published of the start of the slaves' uprising in Haiti. Slightly blood-thirsty but written with restraint.

VALEDICTORY, by Mackinlay Kantor. \$1.00. *Coward McCann*. Delicate vignette about the janitor of a small-town school, on the point of retiring. As he arranges the auditorium for the last graduation, memories of his years of service run through his mind; the boys and girls whom his humble understanding has helped come to life for a few tender moments are gone — but not without having left him some token of their appreciation.

TAKE THESE HANDS, by Anne Paterson. \$2.50. *Macrae Smith*. Another hospital story, larded with generous doses of back-to-the-soil New England description. Too many undefined characters, and the excessively rapid scene changes, make this book disappointing.

THE ALTAR PIECE, by Naomi Royde Smith. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Raw materials sufficient for several good stories here fail to coalesce into one. The author veers from psychological study to realistic portrayal of a small English community, from melodrama to old-fashioned characterization. The result lacks direction and interest.

MISCELLANEOUS

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN, by Maurice Hindus. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. This is much more than another newspaperman's account of Czechoslovakia's downfall. Hindus was on the scene several months before the September crisis and is thus able to devote the first half of his book to a description of Czechoslovakian democracy at the height of its glory. His report of the final fourteen days which spelled the doom of the little nation's independence is pure drama — quietly passionate reporting which leaves the reader bitter and angry. The book ends on the note of hope struck in the title.

LETTERS FROM ASKANCE, by Christopher Morley. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Another collection of Morley essays, deployed through all history and all subject matter. Civilized and stimulating.

AMERICAN MEDICINE MOBILIZES, by James Rorty. \$3.00. *Norton*. The exciting battle being fought around the slogan "socialized medicine," reported and analyzed dramatically by a man who is both economist and poet. Years of intensive research and great literary skill are fused to make this the most significant study of present-day medical economics and politics.

WE DIDN'T ASK FOR UTOPIA, by Harry and Rebecca Timbres. \$2.50. *Prentice Hall*. They didn't ask for it, didn't find it, but read their own wishful-thinking enthusiasms into the Soviet scene. This record, in letters, of an American Quaker family's life in a Russian village is honest, warm-hearted, and incredibly naive. For all that it reveals of the deeper Soviet realities the Timbreses might have lived in an African village.

NINETY TIMES GUILTY, by Hickman Powell. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. How the big-time racketeer, Lucky Luciano, was tripped

and went to prison for 90 times 30 years when he made a sideline of the small-time racket of prostitution. The story of the racket itself and of how it was smashed is presented complete by a reporter who is a warm admirer of Prosecutor Dewey.

AMERICAN JAZZ MUSIC, by Wilder Hobson. \$2.50. *W. W. Norton*. A sound discussion of America's chief contribution to the art of music, written by a tempered critic of jazz. Mr. Hobson approaches jazz as a particular musical language, and he does so with tact, care, and on the basis of extensive knowledge.

THE FAMILY REUNION, by T. S. Eliot. \$1.50. *Harcourt Brace*. The latest Eliot is a play written in strong, purposeful English, dealing with the entanglement existing beneath the well-mannered lives of a contemporary English family. Mr. Eliot strings lyrical words upon a strong rope of speech and achieves such beautiful simplicity that one is not aware of his restrained mastery of technique.

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE, edited by David Garnett. \$5.00. *Doubleday Doran*. A really outstanding book, which will rank with the great collections of letters. The collection is, in fact, nearly a complete autobiography-biography of Lawrence, for the gaps left by the letters are sketched in by Mr. Garnett. A rich mine for both historians and psychologists.

THE MENACING SUN, by Mona Gardner. \$2.50. *Harcourt Brace*. A record of travels through Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Java, and India. The title carries a double meaning, referring to the burning sun that enervates the natives and to the rising sun of the flag of Japan that brings apprehension and fear. Everywhere Miss Gardner found Japanese photographers busily snapping coastlines and other strategic points; every village had its photographers' shop, always run by a Jap. A most timely, readable book.

COMMON SENSE IN HOME DECORATION, by Carl Maas. \$2.75. *Greenberg*. Comprehensive, lucid guide to improving the decoration of your home. The author is an editor of *House Beautiful*.

I FOUND OUT, by Nat Ferber. \$3.00. *Dial*. In a blend of hard-boiledness and sentimentality, this veteran police reporter, muckraker, novelist, tells his life story without inhibitions. He found out plenty in over thirty years of reporting, mostly for Hearst—and a few of the things he found out are skeletons in Hearst's closet. At least one scandal and one thrill *per chapter* guaranteed.

THE KINGDOM OF SWING, by Benny Goodman and Irving Kolodin. \$2.00. *Stackpole*. Part reminiscence by Mr. Goodman, part musical history by Mr. Kolodin. Mr. Goodman's recollections are reasonable, adult and informative, and if you're interested in Mr. Goodman, so will you be in the book.

HEAD WIND. The Story of Robert Loraine, by Winifred Loraine. \$3.50. *Morrow*. A biography to rank beside *Gerald* as an elucidation of the acting temperament. Robert Loraine was all actor; even as a pioneer airman and in the War his best performances came when there was a responsive audience. Mrs. Loraine has succeeded supremely well in capturing the character of her complex husband; her book is a warm and exceptional biography.

FEUDAL ISLAND by Desmond Holdridge. \$2.50. *Harcourt Brace*. Somewhat incoherent travel impressions of the large island of Marajo in the mouth of the Amazon River, where the author and his wife spent leisurely months. The book is packed with information about big game fish, crocodiles, and tropical rain.

SECRET AND URGENT, by Fletcher Pratt. \$3.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. An engrossing survey of the development of codes and ciphers, treating both their rôle in history and such amusing vagaries as the Bacon-

Shakespeare controversy. Especially good for those who like to unravel mysteries.

AMERICAN EARTH, by Carleton Beals. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. A biography of the American people abounding in reckless generalizations sometimes based on cock-eyed information, yet permeated with impassioned love of the American earth and its people. The author's sincerity is unquestionable, and notwithstanding its informational imperfections and hasty conclusions the book is well worth reading for its stimulating suggestions on numerous phases of American life.

CONTEMPORARY WORLD POLITICS. An Introduction to the Problems of International Relations, edited by Francis James Brown, Charles Hodges, and Joseph Slabey Roucek. \$5.00. *John Wiley*. Scholarly symposium by 34 authors, each an outstanding authority, on political, national, and international problems and current ideological conflicts. The many text maps, the bibliography, and the index contribute greatly to this extremely valuable reference book.

INVISIBLE EMPIRE, by Stanley F. Horn. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A detailed, documented history of the origin and activities of the first period of the Ku Klux Klan, which attempts whitewashing by attributing the worst brutalities and most inexcusable crimes to "irresponsible elements" who are said to have used the Klan disguise without authority. Altogether as unbiased as would be a history of the Moscow trials written by Stalin.

THE INDIAN COSTUME BOOK, by Julia M. Seton. *Seton Village Press, Santa Fe, N. M.* Instructions for those who wish to make "authentic" Indian costumes. The drawings by Ernest Thompson Seton are pleasant enough, and much of the Indian lore is genuinely interesting, but the book suffers from a pervasive "artiness". The edition is limited to 500 copies, printed on a hand press and hand-bound.

QUO VADIMUS, or The Case for the Bicycle, by E. B. White. \$2.00. *Harpers*. More of the collected works of the Sage of the *New Yorker*, wherein E. B. W.'s prose is as hilarious as ever. You've probably read many of these sketches, but they are well worth re-reading.

BALD KNOBBERS, by Lucile Morris. \$3.00. *Caxton Printers*. A careful, well documented account of the night-riding exploits of the Bald Knobbers, Ozark vigilantes fifty years ago. Excellent Americana.

THE DELEGATE FROM NEW YORK, by John Lansing, Jr. \$2.00. *Princeton University Press*. A transcription of the private journal kept by Lansing while he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1787. As edited by Joseph R. Strayer, it gives much information not elsewhere recorded.

WHAT DO WE BELIEVE AND WHY? by Charles Edward Brugler. \$1.50. *Putnam*. A liberal Protestant Episcopal clergyman applies to religious belief the methods of scientific research, deciding that religion and science are not enemies but allies in the search for truth. A provocative, helpful book.

WORLD COMMUNISM, by F. Borkenau. \$3.75. *W. W. Norton*. An extremely revealing history of the Communist International and its activities in various countries, as directed by the rulers of Moscow. Packed with 200,000 words of information, very well documented, and based mostly on official communist sources.

SURVIVAL: Through War and Revolution In Russia, by D. Fedotoff White. \$3.00. *U. of Pennsylvania Press*. Beautifully written autobiography of a Russian naval officer who functioned as a sailors' deputy to the Soviets, and, after his repudiation of the Bolshevik Revolution, viewed it with dispassionate intelligence. His picture of Russia's plight, and of American reactions to the Russian situation, is a historical record with potent implications for the present.

THE OPEN FORUM

IN DEFENSE OF FREE MINDS

SIR: The attached statement represents a significant move towards sanity in American intellectual life and should therefore be of direct interest to *MERCURY* readers. The names listed are only a few of the 130 writers, educators, scientists, etc., who signed it.

SIDNEY HOOK

*New York University,
New York City.*

STATEMENT OF COMMITTEE FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM

The tide of totalitarianism is rising throughout the world. It is washing away cultural and creative freedom along with all other expressions of independent human reason. Never before in modern times has the integrity of the writer, the artist, the scientist, and the scholar been threatened so seriously. The existence of this danger and the urgent need for common defensive action inspire the undersigned in issuing this statement.

Under varying labels and colors, but with an unvarying hatred for the free mind, the totalitarian idea is already enthroned in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Spain. There intellectual and creative independence is suppressed and punished as a form of treason. Art, science, and education — all have been forcibly turned into lackeys for a supreme state, a deified leader and an official pseudophilosophy.

The Nazis have proclaimed: "There can no longer be a single artist who creates otherwise than nationally and with a national purpose. Every artist who withdraws from this preoccupation must be hunted as an enemy of the nation until he gives up his intolerable resistance."

The words and acts of all other totalitarian regimes conform to this view. They apply it

to the educator, the scientist, and the historian no less than to the artist. The results have been artistic sterility, an enslaved intellectual life, a tragic caricature of culture. Literally thousands of German, Italian, Russian, and other victims of cultural dictatorship have been silenced, imprisoned, tortured, or hounded into exile.

Triumphant in a large sector of the civilized world, the totalitarian idea is winning too dangerous an influence in many other countries. It threatens to overwhelm nations where the democratic way of life, with its cultural liberty, is still dominant. Even in the United States, its beginnings are all too evident — in the emergence of local political dictators, the violation of civil rights, the alarming spread of phobias of hatred directed against racial, religious, and political minorities. Ominous shadows of war are gathering in our own land. Behind them lurk dangers not only to a free labor movement but to a free culture.

Through subsidized propaganda, through energetic agents, through political pressure, the totalitarian states succeed in infecting other countries with their false doctrines, in intimidating independent artists and scholars, and in spreading panic among the intellectuals. Already many of those who would be crippled or destroyed by totalitarianism are themselves yielding to panic. In fear or despair they hasten to exalt one brand of intellectual servitude over another; to make fine distinctions between various methods of humiliating the human spirit and outlawing intellectual integrity. Many of them have already declared a moratorium on reason and creative freedom. Instead of resisting and denouncing all attempts to straitjacket the human mind, they glorify, under deceptive slogans and

names, the color or the cut of one straitjacket rather than another.

These are immediate and pervasive realities. Unless totalitarianism is combated wherever and in whatever form it manifests itself, it will spread in America. We, as writers, artists, and scholars, are deeply conscious of our responsibilities to our vocations. The circumstance that free culture, persecuted and proscribed in vast areas of Europe and Asia, seeks a refuge in America raises these responsibilities to the plane of pressing moral duty.

We therefore call for the formation of a Committee for Cultural Freedom, an organization independent of control, whether open or secret, by any political group, pledged to expose repression of intellectual freedom under whatever pretext, to defend individuals and groups victimized by totalitarian practices anywhere, to propagate courageously the ideal of untrammelled intellectual activity. This commits us as a group to no particular social philosophy — but only to one of the fundamental criteria for evaluating all social philosophies today, viz.: Whether it permits the thinker and the artist to function independently of political, religious, or racial dogmas. We have come together, and call upon others to join us, on the basis of the least common denominator of a civilized culture — the inviolability of creative and intellectual freedom.

Louis Adamic, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Struthers Burt, Paul F. Brissenden, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, John Chamberlain, John L. Childs, Albert S. Coolidge, George S. Counts, Babette Deutsch, John Dewey, Max Eastman, Irwin Edman, Inez Haynes Irwin, Arthur O. Lovejoy, Ferdinand Lundberg, Walter Pach, John Dos Passos, Ralph Barton Perry, James Rorty, Morrie Ryskind, John Sloan, Dorothy Thompson.

MORE ON MATANUSKA

STR: Having read "Cabbages and Commissars," and later the letter by Laura B. Harney I am wondering if it would not be interesting to the readers of THE MERCURY to

hear the facts of the case from a Colonist who has been and still is living and working in this Project? "Cabbages and Commissars" is so crude and prejudicial that it may be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders, but the letter is worse because it sounds as if it might have been written by a person who really wished to give the facts. The Matanuska Valley Farmers Co-operating Association was organized in September 1936. In January 1939 a new Board of Directors of the Co-operating Association was elected by the membership and they were told that they would be permitted to assume the ownership and management of the various units in operation for the handling of the businesses for the Colonists. Every effort of the new Board has been stifled by the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Committee. In November 1938 the Co-operating Board threatened to resign unless they were granted the management of at least some of the units as promised. The Corporation again promised, but managed to stall all efforts to do this.

One inconsistency that amuses us is that on March 1, 1939 the Corporation agreed to allow us to hire, and they would pay the salaries of, a Co-operative Manager and an Agricultural Field man whose combined salaries are nearly \$7000 per year, yet all efforts of the Board of Directors to secure some of the management of the business they will soon have to manage is absolutely prohibited; so these two men are confined to purely statistical work and theoretical control, while the Corporation continues to manage several departments with inefficient yes men.

Now the reader will probably ask, why does this condition exist, and here is my idea of the proper answer: the Manager of the Corporation is the largest producer of the products we Colonists have to raise to secure our living. He is subsidized by a monthly salary of \$500 and lives on his farm near the ARRC offices; he has the power to set the price of all the products that we raise and also can dictate the prices that we have to pay for the things that we consume. This would not be so bad if this Manager were benevolent and public-

spirited. Unfortunately he is a hard-boiled businessman who encourages each individual Colonist to think only of himself and not to bother with the other man's problems. Can any reader tell me how a Co-operative Colony can ever expect to be successful with this kind of training?

In conclusion I wish to state that there are a good number of us Colonists who are trying to combat the bad influences that have been guiding this Project. We are trying to establish homes for ourselves in this Valley; we know that the soil will produce abundantly; we can raise products that can be sold profitably to good, but so far undeveloped, markets. We like the climate, the people of Alaska, and we have most of the things that are needed to make this a self-supporting community. When we overcome the blight of the present managership we will be all set. We feel sure that, if we can get our problems stated before the Powers That Be in Washington, we will really begin to function as a real Co-operative Community. We believe that when President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes understand what we are up against, then we will be on the road to recovery.

CARL R. RASMUSSEN,
Member of the Board of Directors,
Matanuska Valley Farmers
Co-operating Association

(NOTE: Twelve other Colonists added their signatures to endorse the views expressed in Mr. Rasmussen's letter. — EDITOR.)

Palmer,
Alaska.

SIR: Of the many many stories written about the Matanuska Valley Project, that article written by Ted Leitzell in your January issue was the most authentic by far. This letter is written by one who has been entirely through the mill, by one who has no idea of leaving Alaska even though he is no longer in the good graces of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation.

If the eminent Doctor who wrote the letter in praise of Matanuska in your April issue were here now, he would hear the term "com-

rade" used very extensively. If he had the courage of his convictions he would answer the problems of the colonist rather than listen to the propaganda furnished so profusely when he gleaned most of his exalted wisdom. The trouble is the colonist *can't talk*. This writer *knows*; he is not guessing. If the time ever comes when the tongues of the people up here are allowed free speech, people are going to hear some very surprising things.

AN EX-COLONIST

Palmer,
Alaska.

SIR: Very interesting indeed are the letters of Laura B. Harney and Dr. H. E. Kleinshmidt on the Matanuska Colony. According to Miss Harney, we have a Co-operative "controlled by the farmers." Have we? Well, four of our seven-man board of directors are working for the Corporation or are obligated to it for certain favors. True, they were elected by the membership of the Co-operative, but the election was engineered by the ARRC office, along the lines of Hitler's plebiscite. In January 1939, the term of one of the directors having expired, we met to elect another. Though strongly opposed, an awakened membership managed to elect a man who is capable of meeting the ARRC on their own grounds — and winning. Immediately after his election a movement for his recall was instituted by the Commissars. It failed. Needless to say, he is on the ARRC blacklist.

Dr. Kleinshmidt, in his paeans of praise, contrasts the "slattern town of Palmer, across the tracks" with the "decent appearance of the Colony Center." If it is not evident to the Doctor, I must point out that our "up-to-date school" is too small and has no fire escape; that our "modern hospital" is so poorly designed and jerry-built as to warrant rebuilding even at this early date; that our vegetable storage is entirely useless as such; that our cannery and refrigerating plant are marvels of faulty construction; that our store has no space for storage and is accessible only through the back door. After thousands of

dollars have been spent on a water system for the Civic Center, it is now necessary to *haul* water (for all uses) in tank cars. This water failure came at the height of the canning season last summer, and so far has not been rectified.

After three years' residence on our tracts, we were forced to sign a Realty Sales Contract by the terms of which, not only can the ARRC evict us on thirty days notice, but, in the event we do pay off the fantastic debt, we cannot pass the land on to our children or dispose of it in any way except at the discretion of the General Manager of the ARRC. This contract was *not* presented to us when we went on our tract, but three years afterward when we were given the "opportunity" to sign or pull out and leave.

I should like to ask any fair-minded person who reads this, and who may visit the Colony at any time, to go out among the farmers, and if possible live with them for a while, rather than try to get a true picture from the Civic Center.

Palmer,
Alaska.

C. E. BISSON

MR. LEITZELL COMMENTS

SIR: First, I'll dispose of the two letters you published in April. These poor people got sucked in by the same racket that nearly made me decide that all of the nice things written by J. B. Courtney and others were the real McCoy. They fell for a little flattery, for being taken around to farmers who enthused over the project, for the beautiful Palmer settlement built by Uncle Sam with nearly \$2,000,000 of your money and mine. So did I, at first. But I was up there on a mountain-climbing expedition, and I had to stick around in Anchorage a little longer. Then I began to find just what kind of a window-dressing scheme was being put up to disguise the social, economic, and human flop they had out there in the Valley. I learned of the intra-politico friction that forced high-speed installation of a radio transmitter in Palmer—somebody did not want somebody else to

have access to messages that would otherwise have been transmitted over the Alaska Railway telephone and telegraph lines. I learned of the stooge who was paid solely to take tourists and writers around to meet the little collectivists who were getting fat pay for pretending to be prosperous farmers. Then I pulled a fast one on Colonel Ohlson and took a bus trip to the Valley. What I found has been published in *THE MERCURY*.

Since my report was published there have been a number of incidents. Walter Pipple, saved from eviction because he refused to sign the high-pressure contract, licked the government in their suit to force compliance. A widow came home from the colony last February, after burying her husband in Alaska and collecting the \$16 that she and her husband had accumulated as a credit balance for three years' work. I can supply her name, if necessary, but there has already been so much meddling in her affairs that I prefer to keep from adding further to her publicity. Fred Johnson, who is so far from objection to quotation that he had a story in the *Young Republican* in April, summarizes the situation in a way that sounds like a paraphrase of my story: "In Matanuska Valley one can never market outside the Co-op; one can never get a clear deed or title *even after paying for his place* (his italics); one can never move or improve buildings without seeking and getting consent; one can never leave without forfeiting his labor and possessions." He concludes: "It is a good place for officials and morons. My wife and I were not officials. We were not morons. We settled with the ARRC on their terms and left Matanuska Valley."

TED LEITZELL

Chicago.

IS WAR "NATURAL"?

SIR: Alan Devoe's article, "The Un-Natural History of War," strikes me as more rhapsodical than rational. If war is execrable and inexcusable why not apologize for our War of Independence? This country of ours was

born in war, was preserved by war, and will probably have to fight many wars in the future if it intends to survive. Is our stock today any less vigorous, any less intelligent because we have fought for principles? On the contrary, we are stronger today.

What makes Mr. Devoc think that war "conserves the worthless and destroys the fit?" Are those who stay at home any less "fit" than those who carry arms? Only in physical endurance. There are records to show that the average mentality of our World War recruits was not very high, and that it was considerably under the more mature mentality of those in the older age brackets. Besides, not all who carry arms are killed. Our total casualties in the World War were 8 per cent.

If, "throughout the world of Nature there exists within each species a deep-rooted internal instinct of harmony," why does it not assert itself? Why has the whole history of man been one bitter war after another? Like it or not, conflict is not confined to the animal world. It flourishes in spite of our cries for peace, when there is no peace, and will probably function as long as life itself.

WOOLSEY TELLER

New York City.



TOWARD A FOURTH REICH

This letter was written by a professor of political science, now teaching at Amherst College, to a former colleague working with the Nazi regime in Germany. He was generous enough to provide THE MERCURY with a copy. We publish it as a remarkable human and political document:

DEAR FRIEND: I remember you as a man who preserved his integrity even after joining the Nazi party. The revolution of 1933 has brought you, deservedly from the viewpoint of your political persuasion, the rank of a full professor and the wide influence of the office on the same faculty of which I still consider it an honor to have belonged. What I have read since of your writings was, of course, conditioned by Nazi tenets, but it was far removed from the *sacrificium intellectus* of many

of our colleagues who excelled in rascally distortions of truth and foolish platitudes in order to please the present masters.

But what is important at this juncture is whether the German intelligentsia have enough insight left to realize that the coming war will end either in a reasonable and decent peace or in a Punic peace which the world, very reluctantly, will be forced to impose upon a Germany which continues to identify herself with her present rulers. This alone and nothing else is the problem which should concern everybody in Germany whose senses are not yet dimmed by the din emanating from the Propaganda Ministry.

During the last war those of us who were alive to realities had a sinister premonition that Germany, in spite of her brilliant military successes in East and West, would win only defeat by victories. Ludendorff controlled in 1917 more territory and more power than the present rulers of the Third Reich. Two years later the mirage had disappeared and the dream of world domination had ended in Versailles. Even if it seems today as though the experiment of a German control over the world is to be repeated with better preparation, the final outcome can only be the same.

The Third Reich is perhaps better armed than its enemies of today, but clearly its armament is not superior to that of 1914. The food situation today is not better. But another point is far more important. In the last war the entire German nation fought unwaveringly to the bitter end because we believed that our existence as a nation was at stake. A second time within the same generation this slogan cannot be effective. The German people know today that only a war will liberate them from the unbearable pressure of their exploiters and masters, and the world knows that it must free itself from the danger that one single man, filled with vanity and megalomania, can endanger civilization.

What matters now is this: the world cannot be expected to beat into reason every twenty or twenty-five years, by armed force, a nation which has not learned, and evidently is un-

willing to learn, to fit itself into the peaceful course of the world, a nation which was unable to draw a lesson from one defeat and which tries to persuade itself that it was born for world domination. Thus far the Third Reich has not proved that the methods of domination practiced in Germany have made people exposed to them more happy. A nation which allows itself to be enslaved by inferior spirits is not a born master-race. Before controlling the world they must learn to control themselves. And in the defeat to come, no validity will be attached to the shallow plea that "Jews" and "Marxists" have "stabbed the rulers in the back." The leaders themselves — alone, without opposition — have led their people into the defeat.

The decisive question is whether or not the German people act to save their country from the Punic peace. There is still an endless amount of sympathy and good will for the Germans themselves in the United States — of which I am fortunate enough to be a citizen — and all over the world: the most precious capital for the *Fourth* Reich. The patriots within Germany should be intent on preserving this capital before it is too late. The world still counts on an alliance with the numerous Germans who will co-operate in getting rid of the clique of Führers who stand between the Third Reich and a lasting peace with the German people. But there will be no mercy for the responsible in spite of their bank accounts in foreign countries.

I write this letter moved by deep anxiety for Germany, the country to which I owe my education and a good deal of my ideals. I wish you would interpret the letter in the spirit in which it is written.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

*Amherst,
Massachusetts.*

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JAPAN: RIGHT OR WRONG?

SIR: In your March Open Forum "A Chinese Student" makes a plea for American assistance in curbing alleged Japanese aggression in China, and apparently he wants the

American people to declare a Japanese boycott. This attitude I think is self-seeking, unreasonable, and conducive of no good. A boycott entails hardship on the applier as well as the victim — for example, should America positively refuse to purchase Japanese silk, many Japanese people (ordinary people like ourselves) should suffer greatly, and so also would a large number of American men and women in silk and affiliated industries.

In regard to democracy and freedom, it appears to me that our government is more democratic than the Chinese Kuomintang Government. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek secured control with the help of soldiers, while most of the other members of his government are war-lords and communist generals. On the other hand, we in Japan had only been having liberal cabinets. The one exception, the Hayashi Cabinet, was quickly forced out of office. Our present Hiranuma Cabinet is headed by a lawyer, and only the War, Navy, and two other Ministers are military men. At the beginning of the present hostilities, the Chinese and certain third-power nationals claimed that Japan's economic position would not stand the strain for six months. Almost two years have elapsed and we are still going strong. The Chinese, communist-infested Kuomintang Government, will never be able to exhaust us either spiritually or economically. On the contrary, the longer it fights the more untenable will its (Kuomintang's) position be. "Chinese Student" is wrong in thinking that the Kuomintang Government of his country is fighting for "those rights which democracy and freedom give." If he were right, his government would be fighting the communists, not Japan. Japan wants China to have a government that is free of communism and one that will co-operate in the work of preserving peace in the Orient. As soon as the Chinese people establish a strong central government that is capable of carrying out the necessary reforms, they will have peace.

A JAPANESE YOUTH

*Yokohama,
Japan.*

SIR: I am getting very tired of William Henry Chamberlin's apologies for Japan. I have lately returned from five months of journalistic work and survey in China. I *know* what the Japanese are doing and I am familiar with their methods. The latter being really known, no decent man or woman anywhere can do anything but condemn them and the Japanese military clique—as distinctly distinguished from the mass of the Japanese people—which is responsible. To defend the Japanese invasion of China—or to lose sight for a moment of the fact that the great and outstanding issue is the moral one of right as against wrong—ought to be outside the pale for decent men and women.

MARC T. GREENE

Wellington,
New Zealand.

DR. NEGRIN'S SOCIALISM

SIR: As one who spent seven months in Loyalist Spain as official representative of the Socialist press, may I ask the courtesy of your columns to point out that former premier Juan Negrin and Alvarez Del Vayo, former foreign minister of the Spanish Republic, who are now touring this country as Socialists, are nothing of the sort.

Actually, the Madrid Socialist Party expelled both of these gentlemen last March. Luis Araquistain, formerly Spanish Ambassador to France and a leading member of the Spanish Cortes, in a recent statement which, unfortunately, has not been published in the United States, declared that the Spanish debacle was the result of the "brutal and stupid communist dictatorship." He further denounced both Negrin and Del Vayo as Communists in the following terms:

"The tragic defeat of the Republican cause may be attributed directly to the brutal and stupid communist dictatorship, whose docile and unconditional agents were Juan Negrin and his Minister of State, Alvarez Del Vayo. Today they parade abroad as the representatives of those they have betrayed. . . . It was to be expected that once abroad these

people would continue to serve their communist masters."

These gentlemen are now in America for the sole purpose of white-washing Stalin's role in Spain and are, in many instances, to appear before American audiences under the auspices of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and the League for Peace and Democracy. I think it important that the American people be acquainted with the true political affiliations of these former Loyalist leaders who pose as representatives of a party that has repudiated them.

SAM BARON

Brooklyn,
New York.

THE LIBERALS' DILEMMA

SIR: Albert Jay Nock in his "Liberalism Has Sold Out" has let himself in for a follow-up article, provided he is willing to accept the responsibility of his thesis. His next task is to point out how else than by "Statism" liberals may hope to cope realistically with the industrial Frankenstein which their former doctrine of *laissez-faire* helped to create. As a student of Jefferson, Mr. Nock is of course well aware of that great liberal's fear of an industrial economy which would break the bounds of the single community and spread its tentacles over a state, or even the nation. A liberal may well resist encroachments by the Government when the State is the only inter-community force. But what is he to do when industry and centralized finance have transformed every large community from an independent organism into a cell or organ of a vast organism such as Jefferson could never have dreamed of, except in a nightmare? When confronted with a national organism, one can think only in terms of national control if he is to think economically or politically.

I write not as one of the liberals who have "sold out," but as an ex-socialist who has come to dread any doctrine of "Statism" as a leap from the economic frying-pan into the political fire. In general, I agree with Mr.

Nock's laments. But I would like to know his alternative.

NORMAN W. LYON

*Wyalusing,
Pennsylvania.*



DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

SIR: In your February Check List you mention John Masefield's *Dead Ned* thus: "Of a town, also in the Bight of Benin, so much hotter than hell that they who died there went back for blankets: such lines preserve a freshness in the work of this aging artist." One could hardly suspect Masefield being guilty of plagiarism, but as it is only a few years since he was in Australia it is possible that he has unconsciously assimilated some lines of Henry Lawson, our national poet and story-teller.

Of Bourke, a very dry town in Northwest New South Wales, Lawson wrote that it was so much hotter than hell that those who died there went back to Bourke for their blankets. As Henry Lawson has been dead nearly twenty years now, it would seem that the original lines must belong to him.

F. RYLAND

*Sydney,
Australia.*



BALL AND CHAIN

SIR: The gigantic trylon and perisphere is not merely a fitting theme for the New York World's Fair, but to my mind symbolic as well of the huge ball and chain which the New Deal has cruelly clamped on the bleeding ankle of American industry!

DR. VINCENT IPPOLITO

New York City.



NORTHERNERS FIGHT BACK

SIR: I have just finished reading William Edgerton's "A Southerner Likes the North" in the May *MERCURY*. Perhaps I should ignore it completely, as my feeling of disdain is so great for what he has said that to admit

even having read it may be too flattering. Perhaps he wrote this merely for the purpose of breaking into the literary world and does not mean his scornful remarks. If this is so, then I feel even greater disgust for him. If a man must express himself, may he at least be sincere.

Certainly, Mr. Edgerton, you have stooped low. You have accused Northerners of lack of neighborliness, and yet you dare to condemn the very people whose college educated you, and to whom you return to make a living. This convinces me that you are still suffering growing pains of adolescence, that no matter where you are, you will be finding fault, or, more likely, you just wanted to get something published. Please, hereafter, build up. Do not tear down.

RENÉE RIGBY CROTHERS

*Media,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: When I read the title "A Southerner Likes the North" I wondered if it were the truth, or whether it would be the usual malicious criticism that Southerners always write about the North. I had not finished the first paragraph with its "Noo" York and its exclusion of "Noo" England from the "real North" when I was prepared for the customary diatribes. But I must confess that this article was worse than I had expected, and I read it with a feeling of disgust. It is all an outrageous libel on the decent people of the North.

A. C. BUNKER

Boston.

SIR: Congratulations to William Edgerton on his "A Southerner Likes the North." I am sure that no Northerner can equal his fine technique in the giving of insult and I can well understand the temptation to display a talent that would be useless in his own community where there is no illiteracy and possibly some danger in the use of insult. Fortunate South, where all the men are gallant gentlemen, all the women beautiful, refined, charming, and perfect cooks! Of course we of

the North admire the people of the South. Admire and envy them. We could love them more if they would come down from their pedestals, or hide their perfection. Perfection is often rather tiresome and we Northerners do not understand the ideals presented in Southern romances.

N. GOOD

Hayward,
California.

IN PRAISE OF BUCHMANISM

SIR: I have just read Ernest Sutherland Bates' article on Buchmanism in your June issue and find in it many errors. As a newspaperman who has interviewed Oxford Group leaders and attended their meetings I have come to quite different conclusions about their work. I believe that the classes need changing rather more than the masses, that the only way to share the wealth is through an experience of Christ. James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, points out many ways of conversion; the Group is attempting it through a way suited to our modern needs.

The signers of statements concerning MRA are quite unimportant, but their signatures do enlist them in responsibility for this work. It is regrettable that THE MERCURY should not be more constructive in its criticism. What alternative does Mr. Bates suggest? How does he think the Christian Church should do its work? How can it be made more effective? There is more snobbery in the article than I have found in the Group.

JOHN U. STURDEVANT

New York City.

IN BRIEF

Grenville T. Chapman of El Paso, Texas, takes THE MERCURY to task for one-sidedness and demands that it present both sides of every issue. He defines himself as a liberal who "favors the party, the man, or the nation that has the most virtues or fewest

faults." By this lesser-evil formula he therefore prefers the New Deal, despite faults, to the Old Deal; Stalin to Hitler; Loyalist Spain to Franco, etc. . . . That is, undoubtedly, one way of looking at it. For our own part we reject what is putrid even if it is less putrid than something else. . . . A New Yorker proud of his city's erotica wants the world to know that the Bowery can top Leonard Ross's Chicago "Peep Show" any day. He writes: "We New Yorkers comprise the hub of the universe, erotically as well as culturally, and should Mr. Ross really care for valuable and cosmopolitan anthropological data he should first study our fair city." . . . S. C. Hulse of Bedford, Pennsylvania, comments on Mr. Buck's article on sex education: "I happen to know another and much smaller community where similar sad goings-on among young folks are largely and directly attributed to the fact that sex is taught in the local high school." . . . Our apologies to F. A. Kirkpatrick, author of *Latin America*, published by Macmillan. A Check-List note erroneously credited the authorship to another. . . . Governor William Bradford was not a Puritan, James Duncan Phillips of Topsfield, Massachusetts, writes in reference to a recent book review in our columns. Governor Bradford, he points out, "was distinctly repudiated by the Puritans as a Separatist." Moreover, "Roger Williams was not exiled for dissenting from religion of any sort but for political reasons. . . . To talk of the thunder of John Winthrop and Cotton Mather is absurd — Mather thundered; Winthrop never." . . . From San Francisco, Henry Stevens hopes we "bang away at the impudent quacks, and please do something about Donald Duck." . . . We wish to express our regrets that so many stimulating and provoking letters in our files cannot be squeezed into the Open Forum for reasons of space shortage. Even when they are not printed, they are read and pondered by the editors. We are not as thick-skinned as we pretend: the brickbats leave bruises.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HANSON W. BALDWIN (*Impregnable America*), Military and Naval Correspondent of the New York *Times*, is the author of *The Caissons Roll* and other books. JACK CALLAHAN (*Fingerprints Can Be Forged*), an ex-convict, is an authority on the American criminal scene. MILDRED COUSENS (*Deserted Farmhouse*) lives in Easton, Pennsylvania, and has published verse in many magazines. MITCHELL DAWSON (*Justice of the Peace Racket*) has practiced law in Chicago since 1913. FAIRFAX DOWNEY (*So You Want to Live in Sweden?*) is the author of a biography of Richard Harding Davis and other books and articles. J. FREDERICK ESSARY (*Lobbyists Must Live*) has been Washington and London correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* for twenty-six years. ALAN FRAZIER (*Philadelphia: City of Brotherly Loo!*) is the pen-name of a leading Pennsylvania newspaperman. NANCY HALE (*Little Family*) has contributed fiction to leading national magazines. STEWART H. HOLBROOK (*Paul Revere, Esq.*) is well known to readers of THE MERCURY. ISABEL JACKSON (*Grandma Ruthanna, Troublemaker*), novelist, formerly wrote for Scripps-Howard and Hearst newspapers. WOLFE KAUFMAN (*The Wages of Cinema*), a graduate of the staff of *Variety*, is now in Hollywood. VLADIMIR LEBEDEFF (*The Man Who Started the War*), Minister of the Navy under Kerensky in Russia, is currently writing a book on the Serajevo assassination. ISAAC F. MARCOSSON (*Our Tribe of Ribbon Hunters*), for over 25 years with the *Saturday Evening Post*, has interviewed more celebrities than any other journalist. MILTON S. MAYER (*Mrs. Dilling: Lady of The Red Network*), former Chicago newspaperman, now writes for outstanding magazines. WALTER MODELL (*Road to Gloro*) is a member of the Department of Pharmacology at Cornell University Medical College, New York City. PAUL ROSENFELD (*James Joyce: Genius or Charlatan?*) is the distinguished music and literary critic. EVELYN SCOTT (*Professorial Mood*), well known as both novelist and critic, conducts an experimental course in creative writing at Skidmore College. HERBERT SOLOW (*Stalin's American Passport Mill*) is a New York newspaperman who writes extensively on labor subjects. HENRY C. WOLFE (*Hitler Must Fight!*), specialist in German foreign policies, is author of the recently published *German Octopus* (Doubleday, Doran). ALLEN WRIGHT (*Materia Aphrodisia*) is an advertising man in Baltimore.

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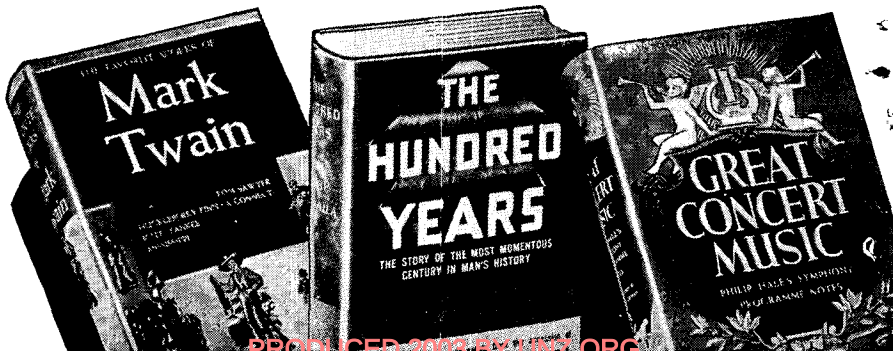
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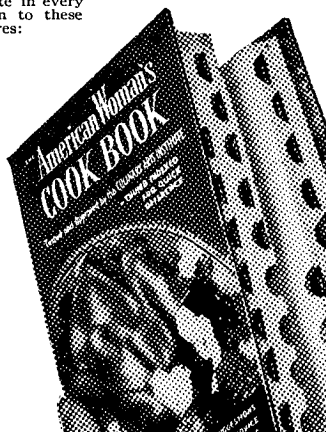
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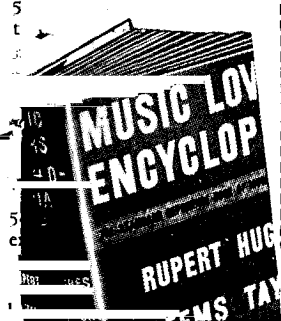
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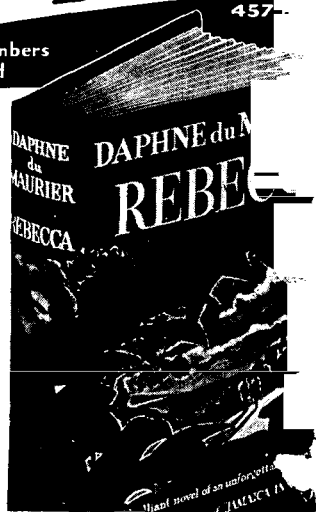
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